

ABOUT BAREFOOT GEN

Barefoot Gen (*Hadashi no Gen* in the original Japanese) is an autobiographical story. Author Keiji Nakazawa was seven years old when the atomic bomb was dropped on his hometown of Hiroshima. “Gen” (pronounced with a hard g) is a Japanese name meaning “roots” or “source”, as the author explains.

I named my main character Gen in the hope that he would become a root or source of strength for a new generation of mankind—one that can tread the charred soil of Hiroshima barefoot, feel the earth beneath its feet, and have the strength to say “no” to nuclear weapons. I myself would like to live with Gen’s strength—that is my ideal, and I will continue pursuing it through my work.

Hadashi no Gen was first serialized in 1972-3 in *Shukan Shonen Jump*, the largest weekly comic magazine in Japan, with a circulation of over two million. It is a graphic and moving account of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and its aftermath, and it drew wide acclaim not only from young readers, but also from parents, teachers and critics. *Barefoot Gen* has been made into three live-action feature films, as well as a full-fledged animated film available in English.

Gen’s story is of people dealing with inhuman situations, both in the last days of World War II and after a nuclear attack. We hope *Barefoot Gen* will serve as one more reminder of the suffering war brings to innocent people, and as a unique documentation of an especially horrible source of suffering, the atomic bomb. Though this Japanese comic book differs from English-language comics in many ways, we believe that *Barefoot Gen*’s honest portrayal of emotions and experiences speaks to children and adults everywhere.

BAREFOOT GEN

Comics after the Bomb

An Introduction by [Art Spiegelman](#)

Gen haunts me. The first time I read it was in the late 1970s, shortly after I’d begun working on *Maus*, my own extended comic-book chronicle of the twentieth century’s other central cataclysm. I had the flu at the time and read it while high on fever. *Gen* burned its way into my heated brain with all the intensity of a fever-dream. I’ve found myself remembering images and events from the *Gen* books with a clarity that made them seem like memories from my own life, rather than Nakazawa’s. I will never forget the people dragging their own melted skin as they walk through the ruins of Hiroshima, the panic-stricken horse on fire galloping through the city, the maggots crawling out of the sores of a young girl’s ruined face. *Gen* deals with the trauma of the atom bomb without flinching. There are no irradiated Godzillas or super-mutants, only tragic realities. I’ve just reread the books recently and I’m glad to discover that the vividness of *Barefoot Gen* emanates from the work itself and not simply from my fever or, more accurately, it emanates from something intrinsic to the comics medium itself and from the events Nakazawa lived through and depicted.

Comics are a highly charged medium, delivering densely concentrated information in relatively few words and simplified code images. It seems to me that this is a model of how the brain formulates thoughts and remembers. We think in cartoons. Comics have often demonstrated how well suited they are to telling action adventure stories or jokes, but the small scale of the images and the directness of a medium that has something in common with handwriting allow comics a kind of intimacy that also make them surprisingly well suited to autobiography.

It’s odd that, until the development of underground comics in the late 1960s, overtly autobiographical comics have not comprised an important genre. Rarer still are works that overtly grapple with the intersection between personal history and world history. Perhaps it was necessary to have a concept of comics as suitable adult fare for the medium to move toward autobiography. Or so I thought until I became more aware of Keiji Nakazawa’s career. In 1972 Nakazawa, then 33, wrote and drew a directly autobiographical account of surviving the atomic blast at Hiroshima for a Japanese children’s comics weekly. It was called, with chilling directness, *I Saw It A*

year later he began his Gen series, a slightly fictionalized narrative also based on having seen “It”, an adventure story of a boy caught in hell, a “Disasters of War” with speech balloons.

In Japan there is no stigma attached to reading comics; they’re consumed in truly astonishing numbers (some comic’s weeklies have been known to sell over 3 million copies of a single issue) by all classes and ages. There are comics devoted to economic theory, mahjongg, and male homosexual love stories designed for pre-pubescent girls, as well as more familiar tales of samurai, robots and mutants. However, I should confess to a very limited knowledge of Japanese comics. They form a vast unexplored universe only tangentially connected to my own. Sometimes that seems true of everything about Japan, and Gen may be an ideal starting point for the twain to meet.

The modern comic book is a specifically Western form (making it all the more appropriate as a medium for reporting on the horrors brought to the East by the atom bomb), but Japanese comics have stylistic quirks and idioms that are quite different from ours, and these must be learned and accepted as part of the process of reading Gen. The stories are often quite long (the entire Gen saga reportedly runs to close on 2,000 pages), usually with rather few words on a page, allowing an entire 200-page book to be read during a short commuter ride. Overt symbolism is characteristic of Japanese comics; for Nakazawa it takes the form of a relentlessly reappearing sun that glares implacably through the pages. It is the marker of time passing, the giver of life, the flag of Japan, and a metronome that gives rhythm to Gen’s story.

The degree of casual violence in Japanese comics is typically far greater than in our homegrown products. Gen’s pacifist father freely wallops his kids with a frequency and force that we might easily perceive as criminal child abuse rather than the sign of affection that is intended. The sequence of Gen brawling with the chairman’s son and literally biting his fingers off is (forgive me, I can’t resist) especially hard to swallow. Yet these casual small-scale brutalities pale to naturalistic proportions when compared to the enormity of dropping a nuclear weapon on a civilian population.

The physiognomy of the characters often leans to the cloyingly cute, with special emphasis on Disney-like, oversized Caucasian eyes and generally neotenic faces. Nakazawa is hardly the worst offender, though his cartoon style derives from that tradition. His draftsmanship is somewhat graceless, even homely, and without much nuance, but it gets the job done. It is clear and efficient, and it performs the essential magic trick of all good narrative art: the characters come to living, breathing life. The drawing’s greatest virtue is its straightforward, blunt sincerity. Its conviction and honesty allow you to believe in the unbelievable and impossible things that did, indeed, happen in Hiroshima. It is the inexorable art of the witness.

Although the strangeness of the unfamiliar idioms and conventions of Japanese comics language may set up a hurdle for the Western reader first confronted with this book, it also offers one of its central pleasures. Nakazawa is an exceptionally skillful storyteller who knows how to keep his reader’s attention in order to tell the Grim Things That Must Be Told. He effortlessly communicates a wealth of information about day-to-day life in wartime Japan and the anatomy of survival without slowing down the trajectory of his narrative. There is a paradox inherent in talking about such pleasures in the context of a work that illuminates the reality of mass death, yet the exposure to another culture’s frame of reference, the sympathetic identification one develops with the protagonists and the very nature of narrative itself are all intrinsically pleasurable. Arguably, by locating the causes of the bombings exclusively in the evils of Japanese militaristic nationalism rather than in the *Realpolitik* of Western racism and cold-war power-jockeying, Nakazawa may make the work a little too pleasurable for American and British readers.

Ultimately, Gen is a very optimistic work. Nakazawa believes that his story can have a cautionary effect, that mankind can be improved to the point of acting in its own genuine self-interest. Indeed, Gen is a plucky little hero, embodying such virtues as loyalty, bravery, and industriousness. Nakazawa’s faith in the possibility for Goodness may mark the work in some cynical eyes as true Literature for Children, but the underlying fact is that the artist is reporting on his own survival—not simply on the events that he lived through, but on the philosophical/psychological basis for that survival. His work is humanistic and humane, demonstrating and stressing the necessity for empathy among humans if we’re to survive into another century.

GEN FOR INDIA

Anand Patwardhan

The dismay we felt in May 1998 when India and Pakistan did nuclear tests had as much to do with the realization that the world had lurched closer than ever to destroying itself, as it did with the horror of witnessing our countrymen celebrating in the streets at having acquired the capability for mass destruction.

As we, the handful of peace activists that knew better, went about the task of trying to talk people out of their euphoria, I realized how little people understood what a nuclear holocaust actually was. The best thing we could find were a few old black and white documentary films about the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We set up screenings in schools and colleges and working class neighbourhoods. After the screenings there was an immediate transformation. People recoiled from the images of carnage, and the pride of becoming a member of the atomic club was quickly replaced by fear and loathing. And yet there was something missing. The images of the dead and injured were still images of strangers in a faraway land. The fact that this could well be the fate of our own near and dear ones registered intellectually but not quite emotionally. What we needed was to see the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki not so much as “victims of the A-bomb” but as human beings of flesh and blood as ourselves, people whom we could touch and feel.

It is this quality we appreciate most in the story of *Barefoot Gen*. A comic book aimed primarily at children, the book works wonderfully well for adults as well. There is of course pedagogy in it for there are few details missing in this tale about the tribulations of living in small town, war-torn Japan prior to the apocalypse that was caused by the first and only atom bombs to have ever been dropped on human beings on this planet. And yet as we begin to read we never once sense that we are being taught a lesson from a crucially important chapter in the history of the world—a chapter the world may forget at its own peril.

I used the word “comic” book because we have no other way to describe a story told in picture form but this is of course far from comedy although there are moments of humour interspersed with those of pain and deprivation as we take a close look at a family trying to survive the war. In many ways the book is like a Greek tragedy where everyone knows the ending and so the interest lies more in the details of how the story unfolds. Almost the entire book passes without its central theme being revealed. Only the last few pages speak of the moment when the A-bomb struck and describe the havoc that it instantly wreaked.

The story of what happened after the bomb fell is continued in a sequel but this first book, *Barefoot Gen*, concerns itself with the tale of the Nakaokas, an agrarian family growing up in Hiroshima in the months and days before the Bomb. The young boy Gen and his siblings and parents survive by growing wheat on a small patch of land, and by doing other odd jobs. Food scarcity is acute and the children are forever hungry. Despite the all-pervasive, shrill propaganda of the Japanese Imperial Military, father Nakaoka has begun to realize that Japan is actually losing the war and this has made him question the war itself. But questioning the war is high treason at this point in time and the family begins to face political repression and social boycott.

Nakaoka's anti-war views grow stronger by the minute but so does the price he pays for his views as he ends up in prison. Meanwhile the children also face the opprobrium of having a father who is a “traitor”. So much so that Gen's elder brother defies his father's pacifist wishes and enlists himself in the Japanese military in order to retrieve the family honour. The tragedy is compounded by the fact that the unit he joins is detailed for suicide missions. When the bomb falls on Hiroshima towards the end of the book, Gen and his mother survive. She gives birth to a baby. Life continues. Gen will be our eyes and ears once again in the continuing story as we travel through the ruins of Hiroshima and Japan in the wake of an atomic holocaust.

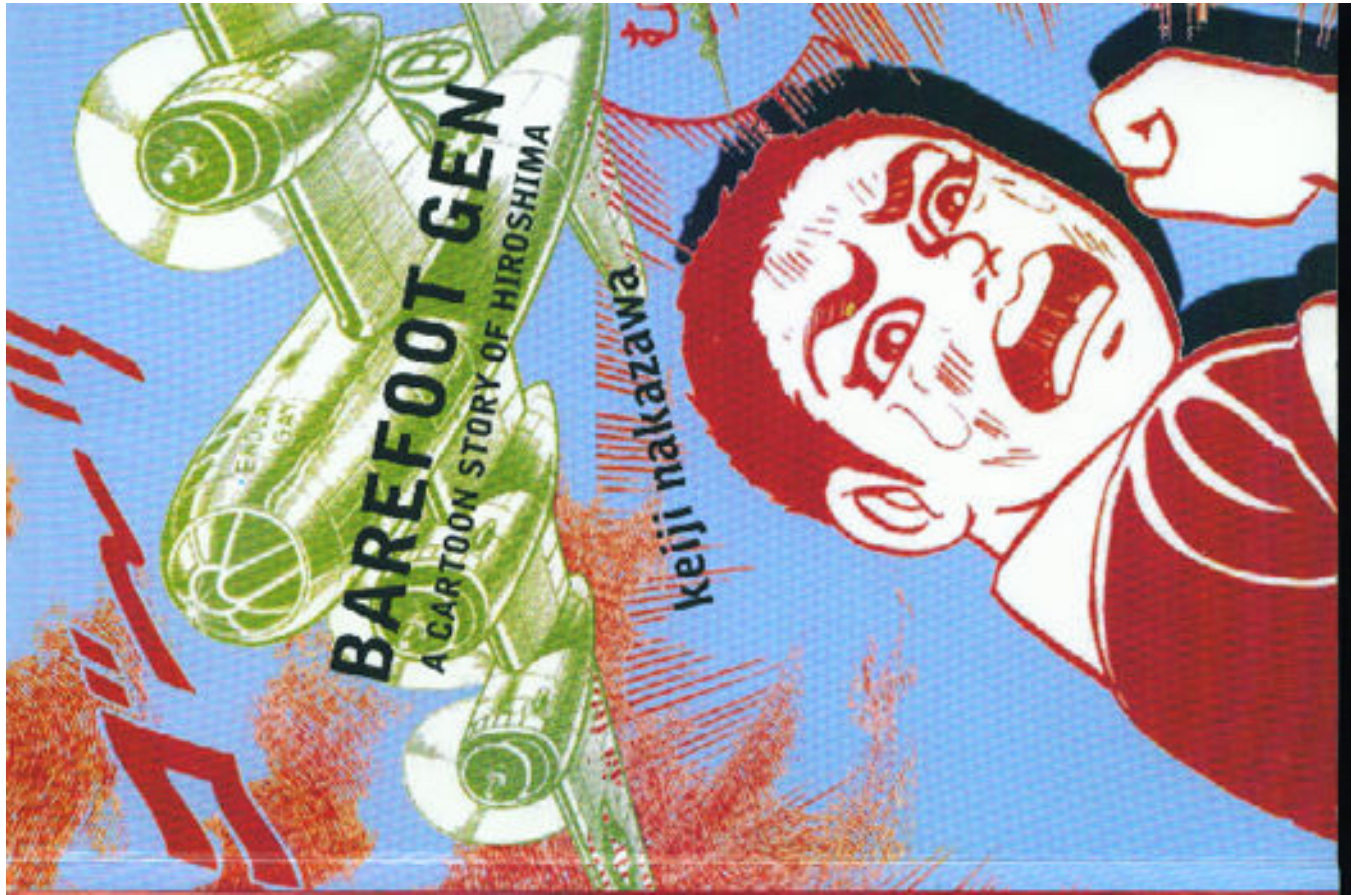
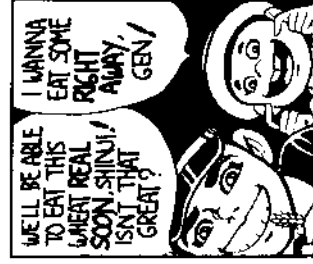
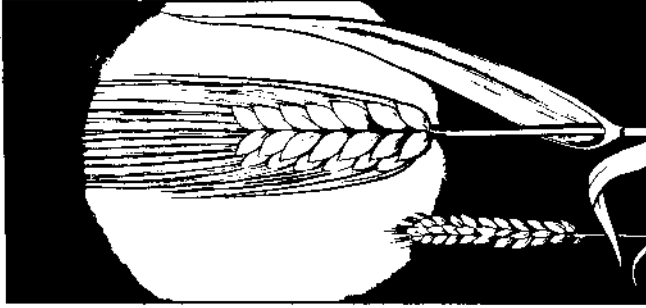
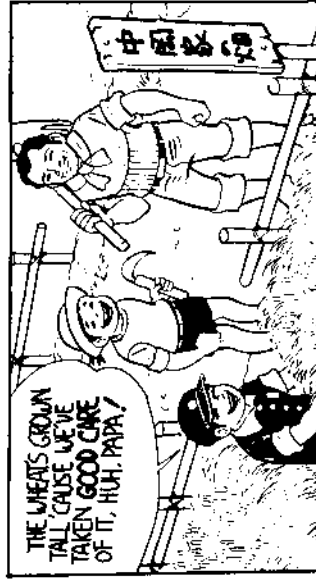
Gen and the Nakaokas remain credible throughout the story because they are never painted as creatures of perfection. They too fall prey to the racism that Japanese generally expressed towards Koreans for instance, until a Korean neighbour comes to their rescue at a time of need. Even the brave and admirable father Nakaoka whose pacifist principles we can all applaud is far from perfect. He resorts, at the drop of a hat, to the corporal

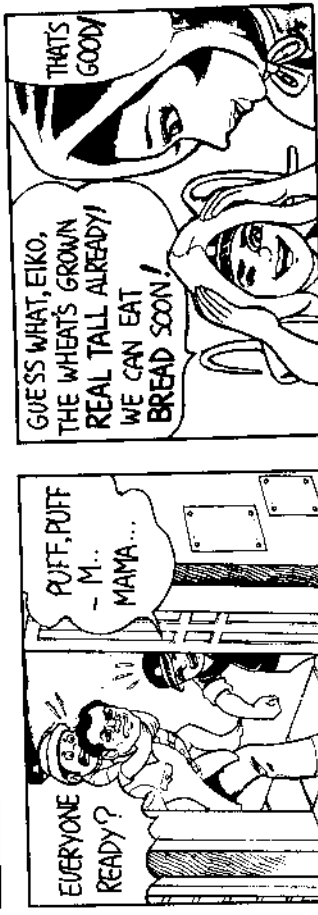
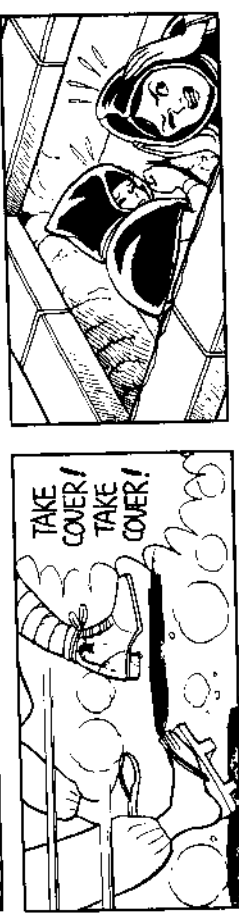
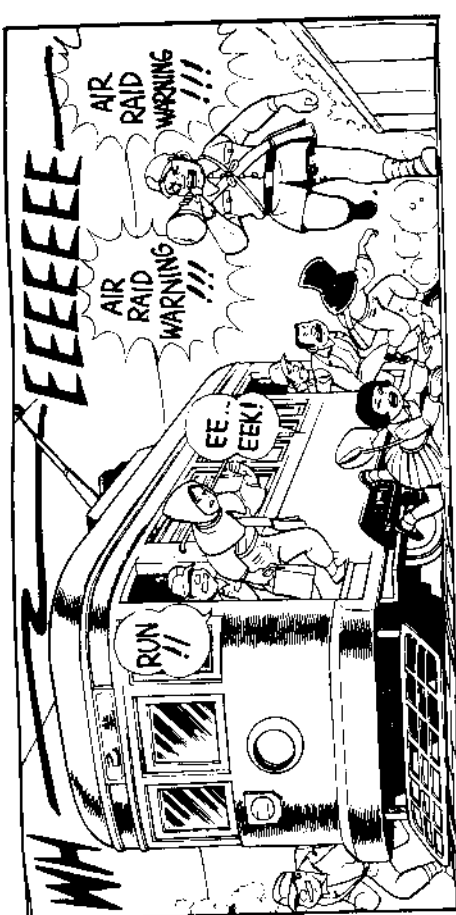
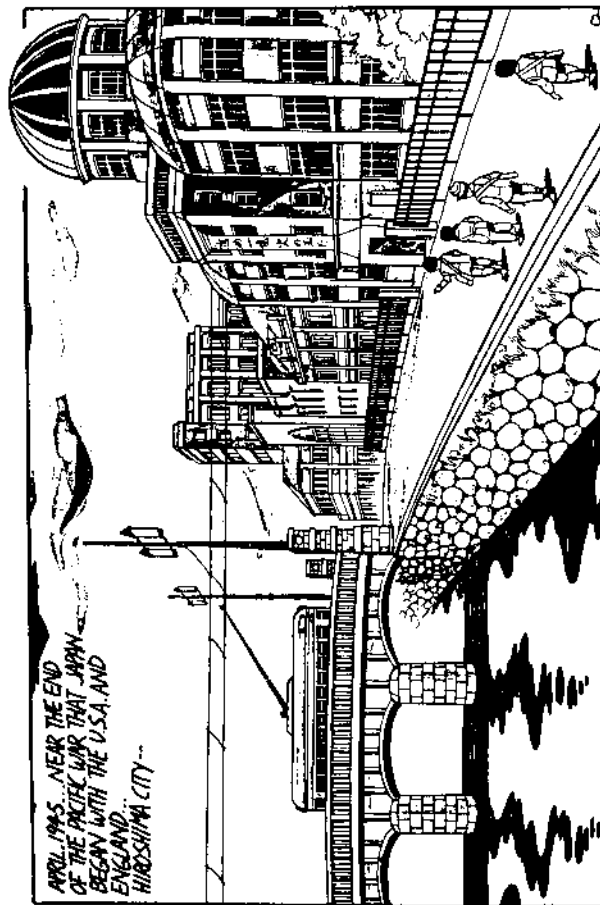
punishment of his own children. This is an obvious critique of the machismo inherent in traditional Japanese society but it is interesting that the author chose to include it in the present story as if to say, here are human beings in all their failings and their strengths. We may like some of the things they do and dislike other things, just as we do with our own friends and relatives. It is this that makes the characters come alive for us and makes us identify with them.

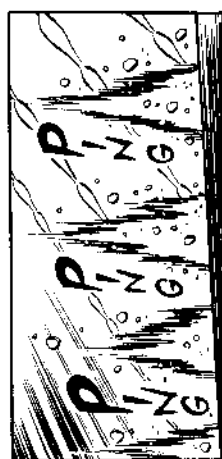
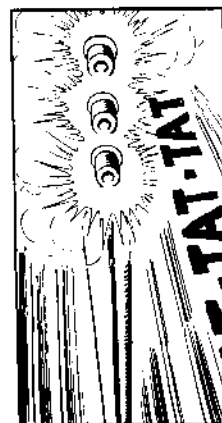
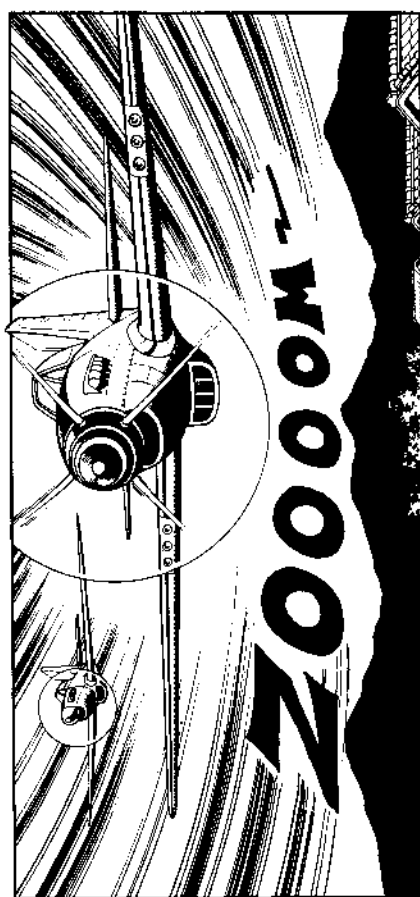
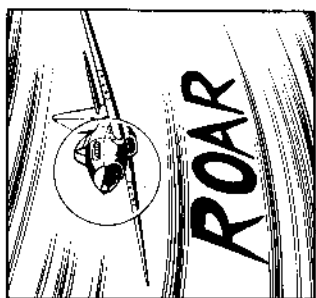
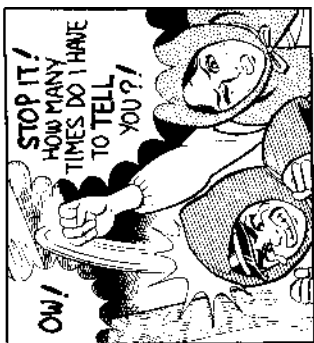
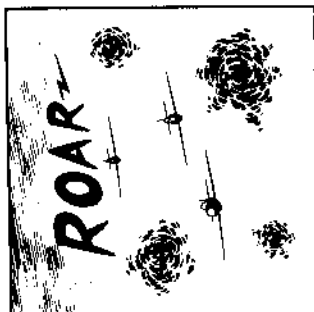
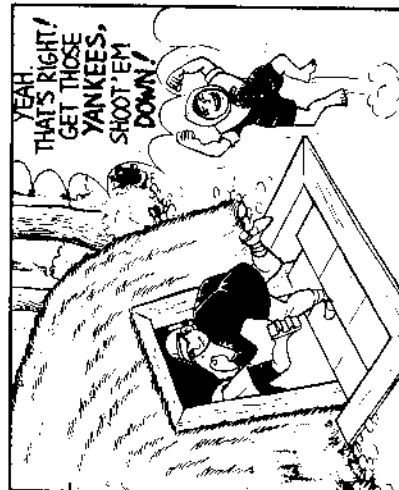
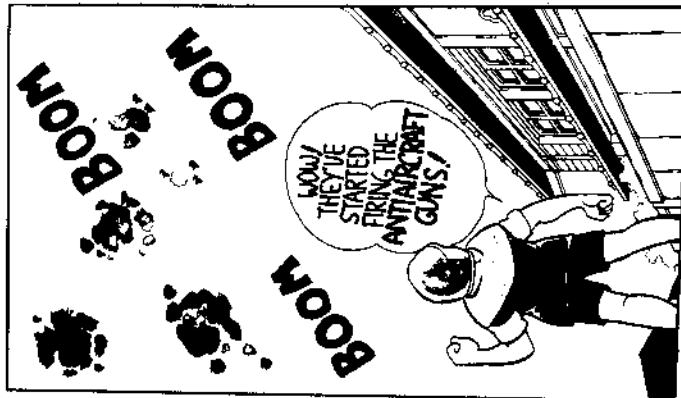
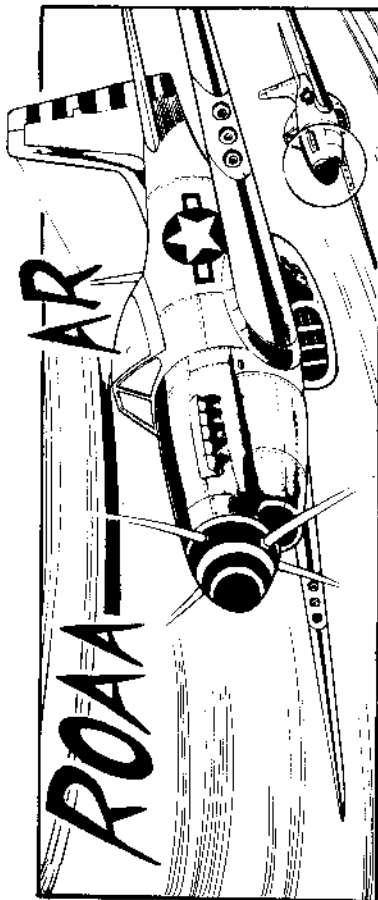
If there is one thing I would criticize in *Barefoot Gen* it is the fact that while there is a scathing critique of Japanese militarism, machismo and myopia during the war, the USA emerges almost blameless in the story despite the fact that they are the ones who dropped the atom bombs. It is almost implied that the Japanese ruling elite had themselves to blame for the nuclear holocaust and that the Americans had no choice but to bring a swift end to the war by dropping atomic weapons. Recent research done after many documents were declassified in the USA suggests that the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was much less justifiable than earlier presumed Japan's military might had been already destroyed and secret wireless messages that were decoded by the Americans clearly indicated that the Japanese Emperor was willing to surrender if a deal could be worked out by which he could remain the nominal ruler of post-war Japan. The Americans did agree to exactly such a deal but this was only *after* they had bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Why then did they have to bomb?

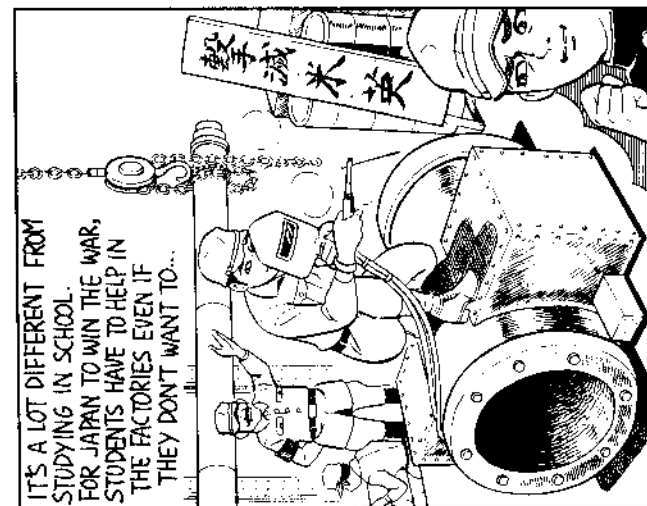
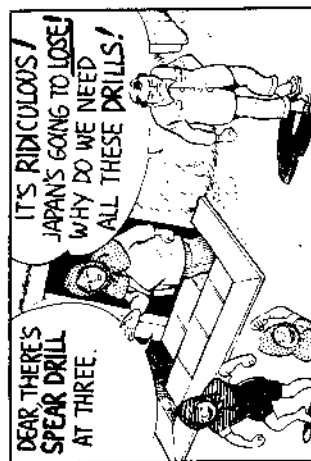
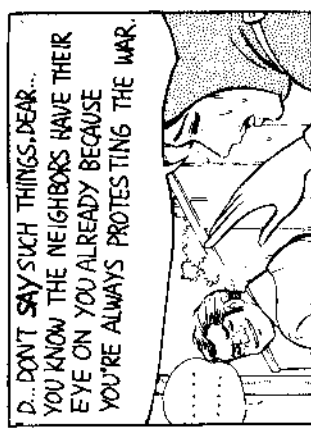
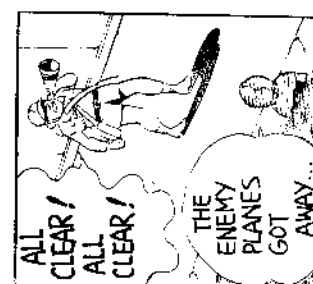
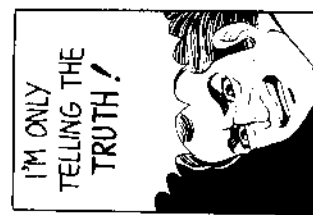
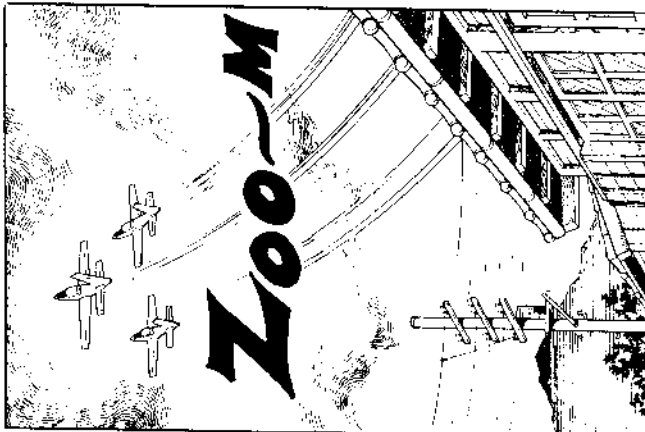
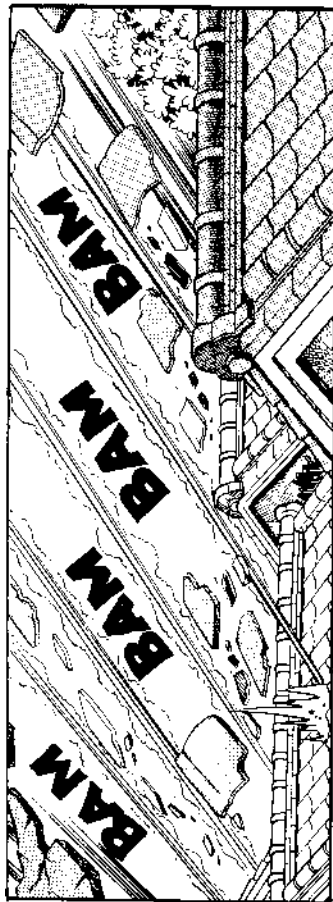
Research suggests that it may have had more to do with the beginnings of the Cold War between the USA and the USSR. The demonstration of the power of destruction that the USA now possessed was meant to keep its great emerging rival in awe. It was also to ensure that a Soviet invasion of Japan was made redundant and post-war Japan made dependent solely on the USA. There were also "scientific" reasons. The scientists wanted to gauge the varying destructive powers of two different nuclear devices—one based on plutonium and one on uranium. So we had Hiroshima and three days later, Nagasaki. It is true that these facts were not public knowledge back in 1972 when *Barefoot Gen* first came out and so it is understandable that they find no mention. But a little more scepticism of the American point of view would have been appropriate in any case.

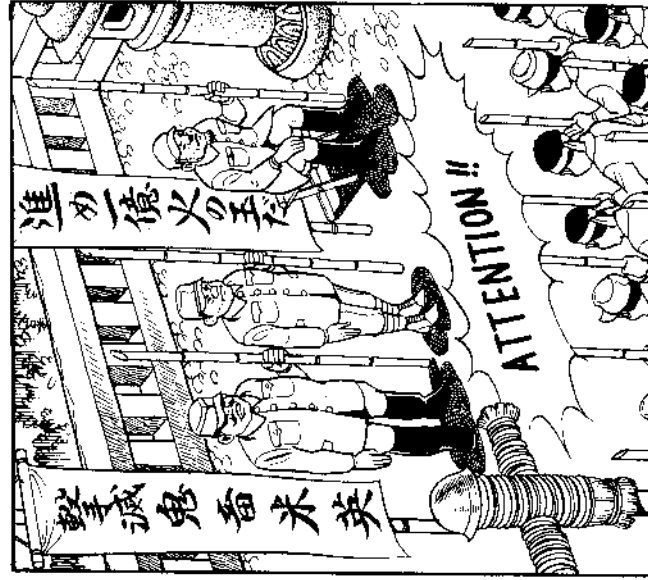
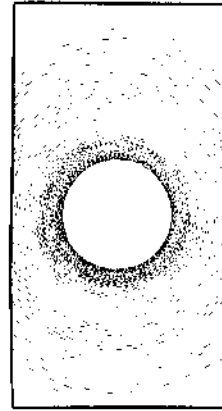
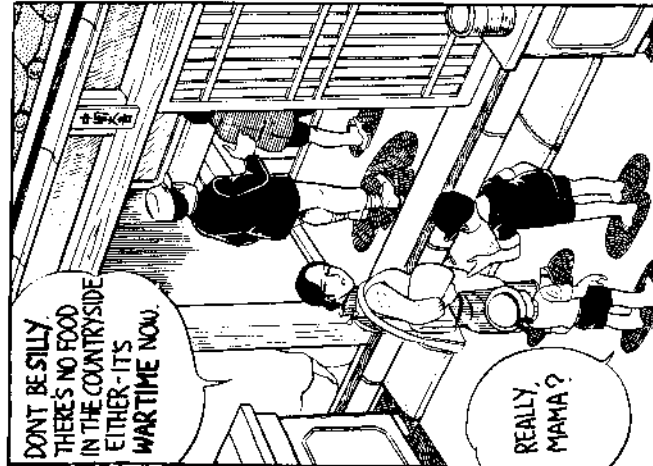
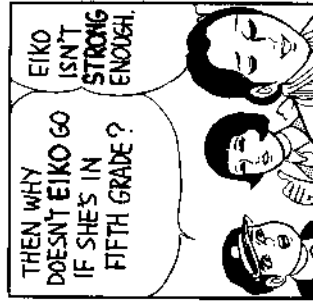
Be that as it may, *Barefoot Gen* stands out for its deep humanity, its attention to sociological and historic detail, and its great accessibility to both children and adults everywhere in the world. The story of Hiroshima needed to be told and it needed to be told in an unforgettable manner. *Barefoot Gen* does just that.



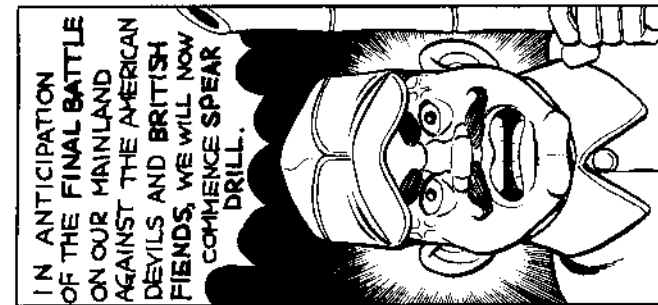
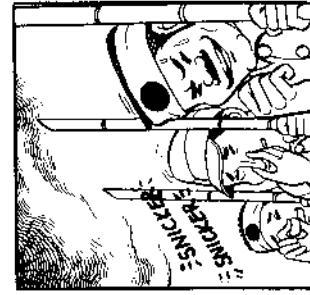
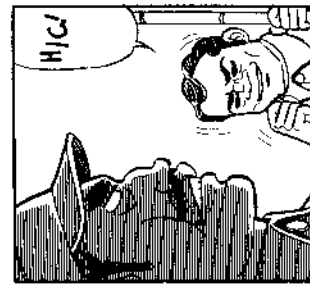
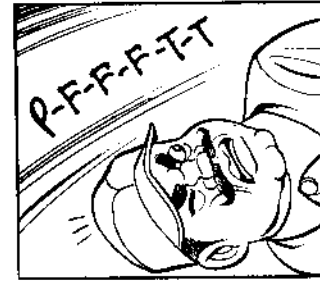


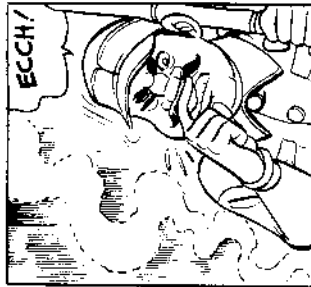






PLASS: "CHARGE, FIERY SPIRITS OF JAPAN! DESTROY THE AMERICAN DEVILS! DESTROY THE BRITISH FIENDS!"

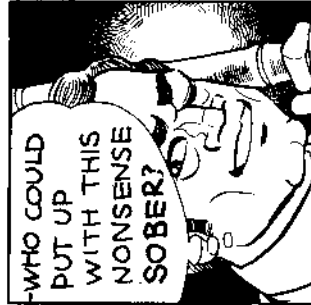




ECCH!



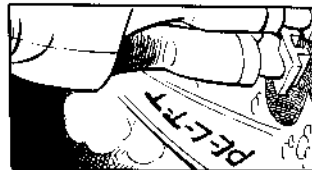
MISTER
NAKAOKA—
YOU'VE BEEN
DRINKING!



—WHO COULD
PUT UP
WITH THIS
NONSENSE
SOBER?



YOU
SHOULD
BE
ASHAMED!
YOU'RE NOT
SERIOUS ABOUT
THIS—HOW DARE
YOU COME DRUNK
TO THIS DRILL??



DE-LEET



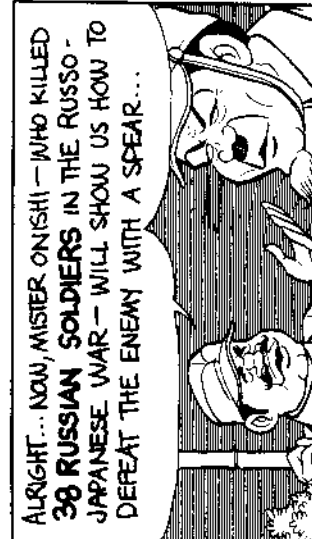
STOP ALL THIS FARTING!
IT CAN'T BE HELPED—
ALL I EAT IS
POTATOES.



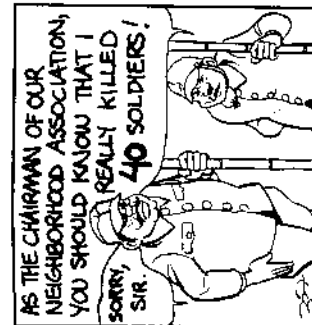
H/C!
YOU FART BECAUSE YOU
DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT
SPIRIT! HOW CAN YOU
DEFEAT AMERICAN SOLDIERS
WITH THAT ATTITUDE??



GRR ...
DAMN
HIM!
SORRY—
I'M REALLY
GASSY
TODAY..



ALRIGHT... NOW, MISTER ONISHI—WHO KILLED
38 RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN THE RUSSO-
JAPANESE WAR— WILL SHOW US HOW TO
DEFEAT THE ENEMY WITH A SPEAR...



AS THE CHAIRMAN OF OUR
NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION,
YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT I
SORRY, SIR,
REALLY KILLED
40 SOLDIERS!



AHEM... READY? —WHEN YOU CHARGE,
CONCENTRATE YOUR STRENGTH IN
YOUR GUT, AND PIERCE THE
HEART OF THE ENEMY WITH ONE
THRUST



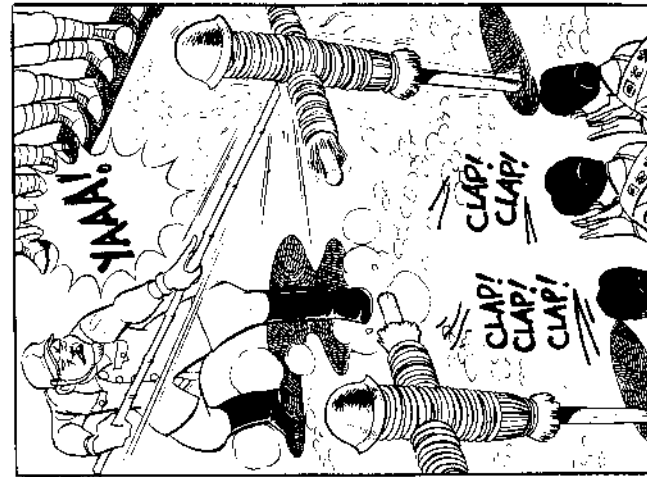
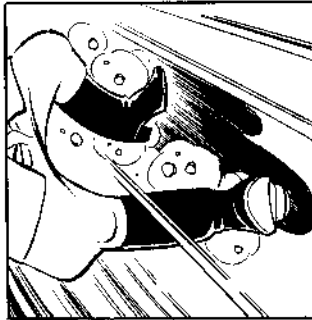
THEN, WITHDRAW THE SPEAR QUICKLY
—OTHERWISE, THE
FLESH STIFFENS,
AND THE SPEAR CAN'T
BE REMOVED...



PATU!
NOW:
I WILL GIVE
YOU AN
EXAMPLE!



YAA-A-A!



YAA!

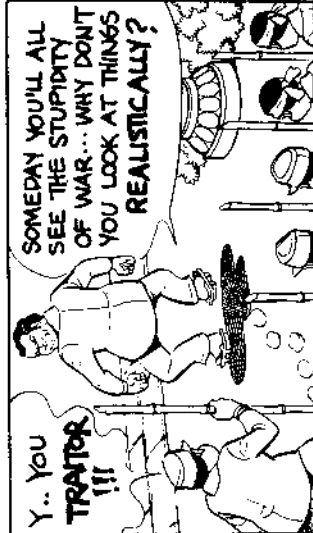
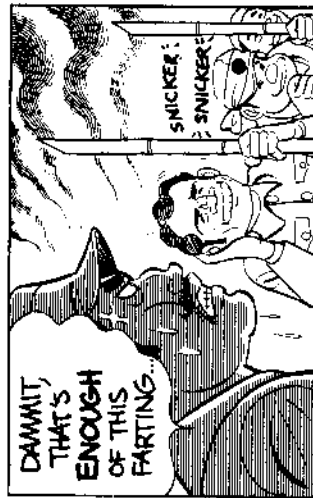
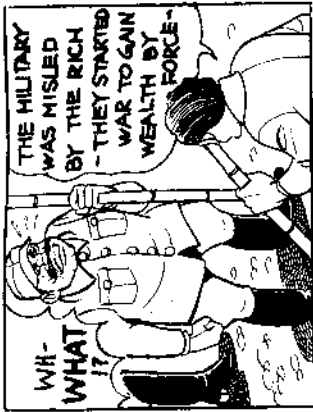
CLAP!
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CLAP!

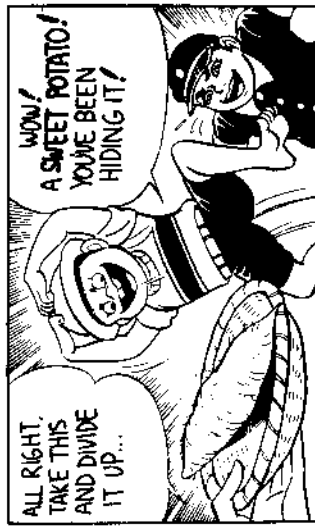
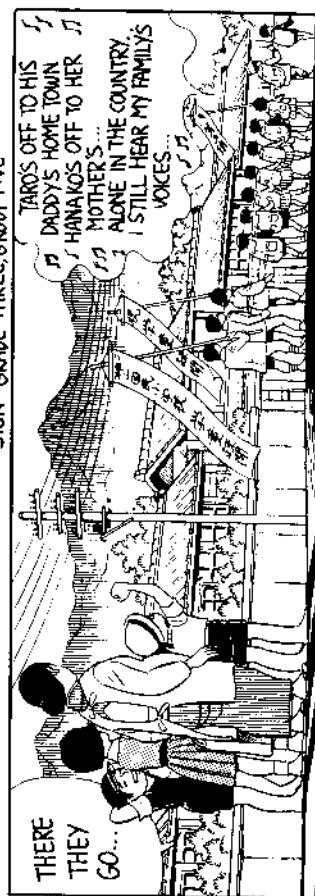
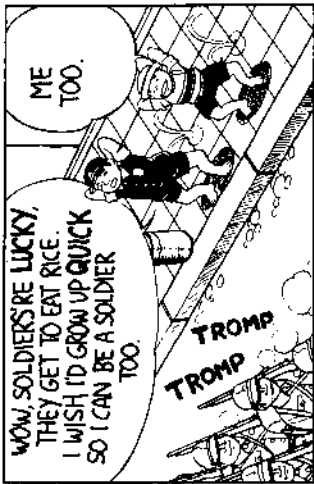
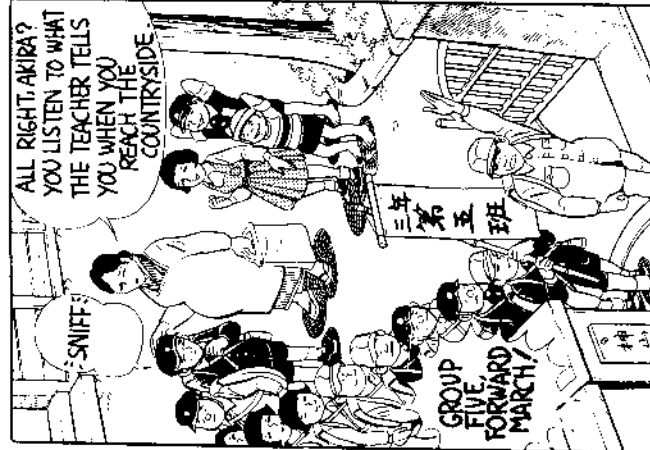
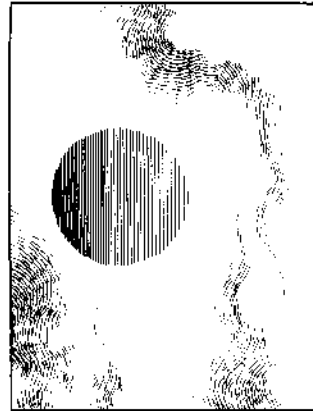


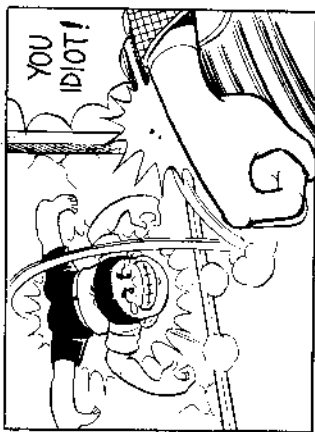
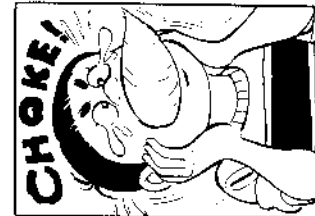
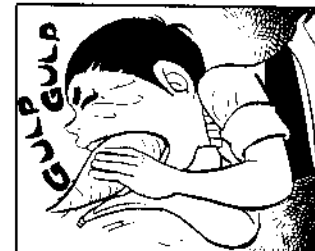
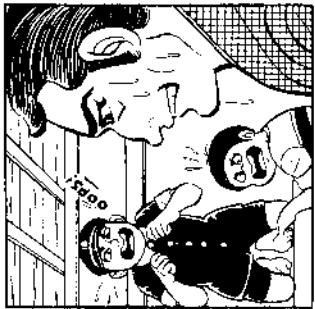
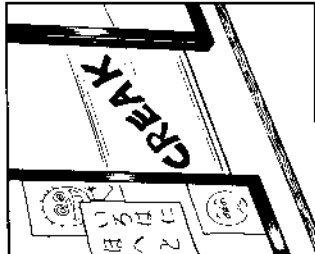
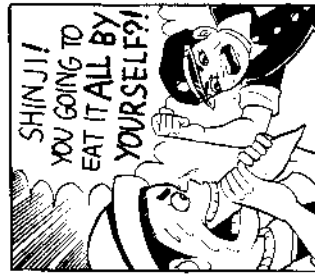
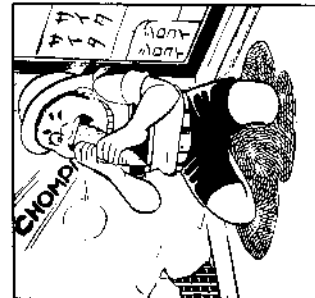
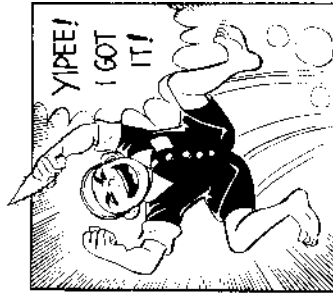
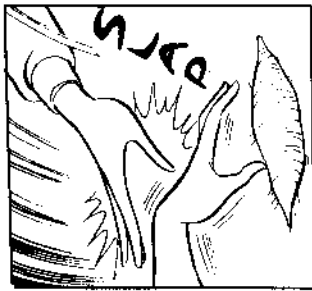
HE'S GREAT!
ANYBODY WHO KILLED
40 SOLDIERS
MUST KNOW WHAT
HE'S DOING.

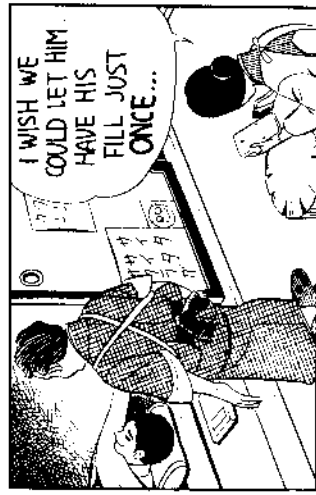
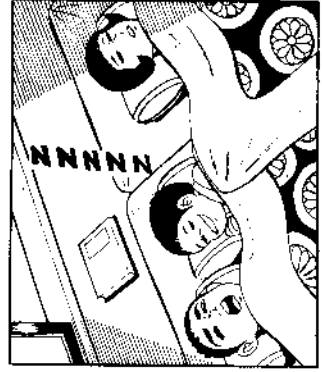
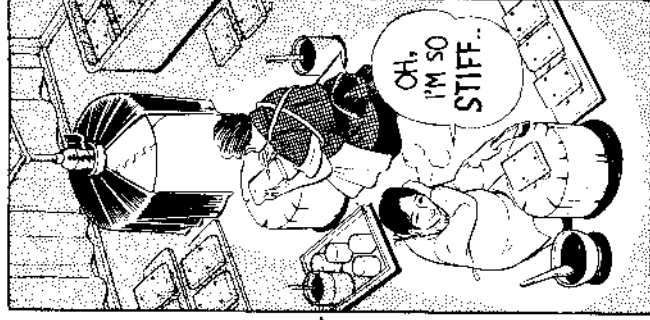
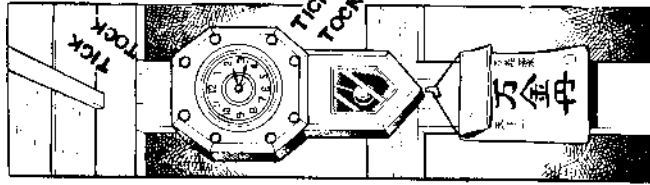
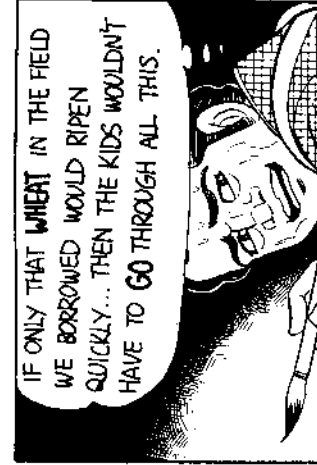
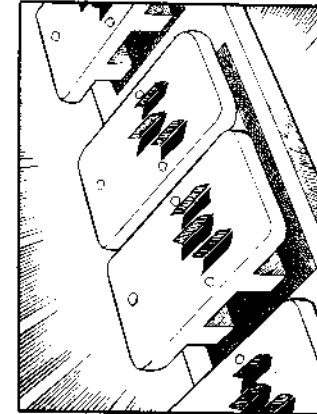
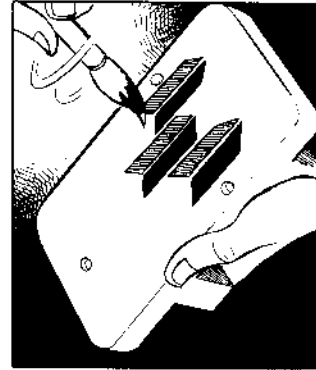


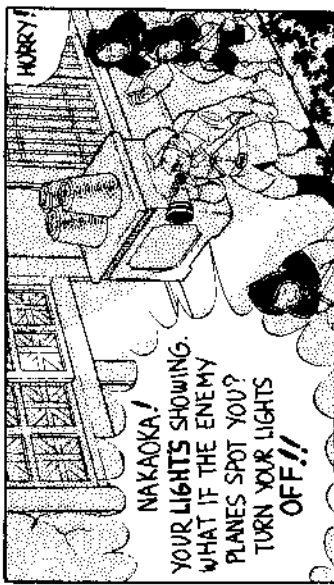
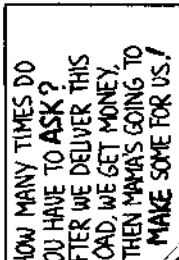
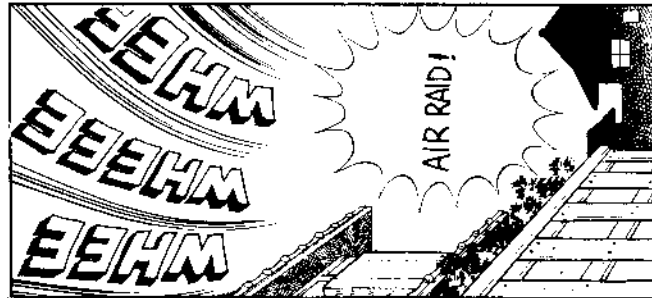
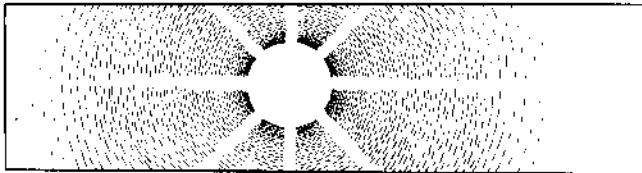
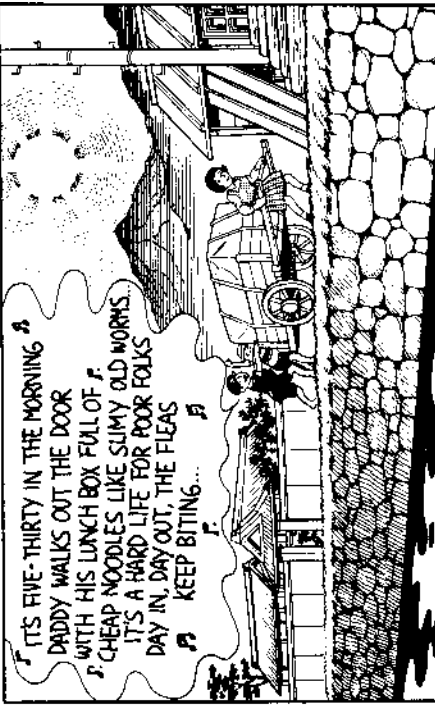
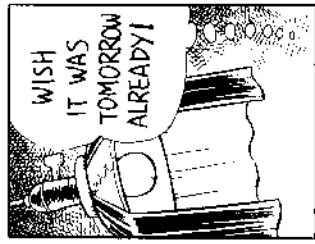
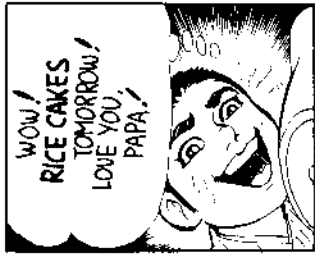
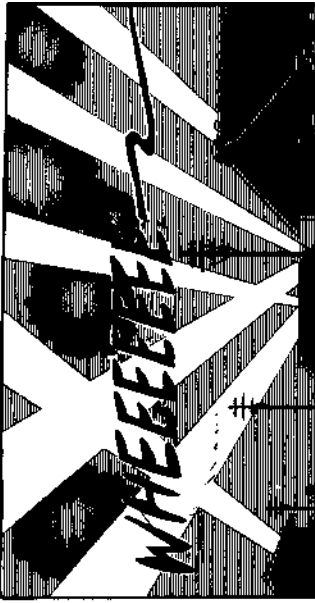
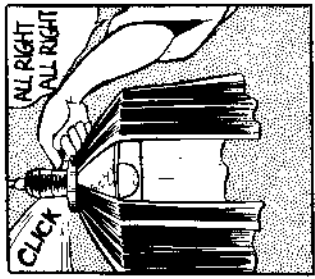
ALRIGHT, MEN;
CHARGE!!
SPEAR THE BRITISH
FIENDS! SPEAR
THE AMERICAN
DEVILS!

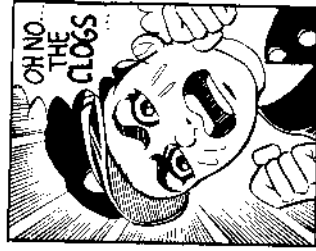
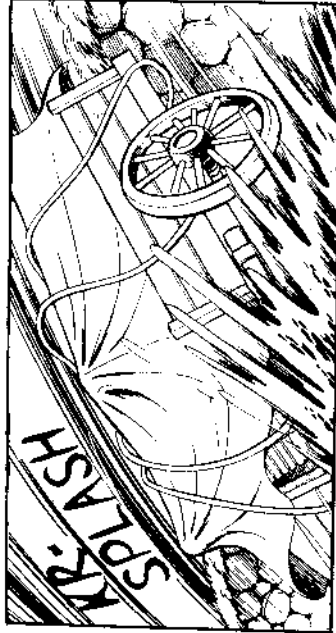
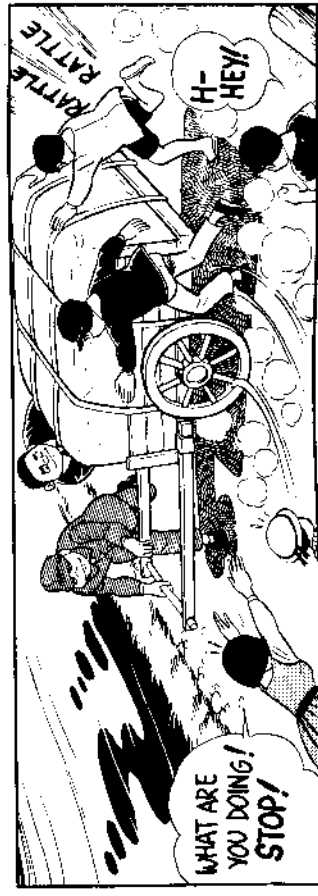
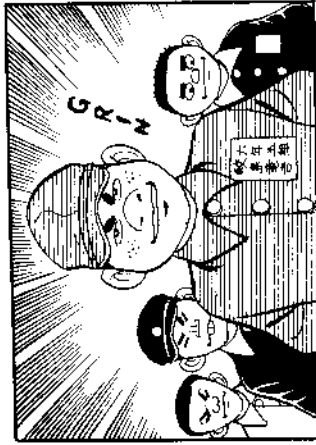
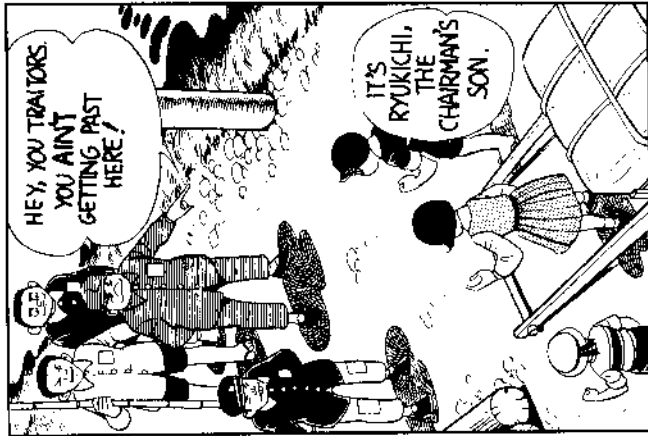
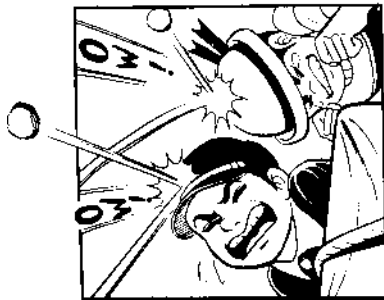


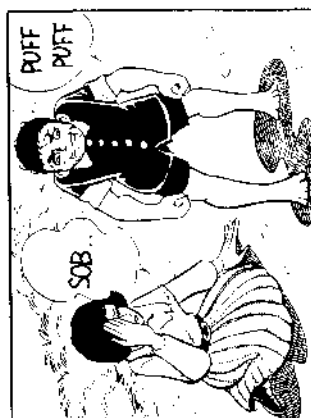
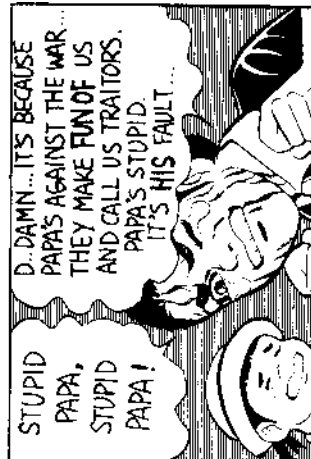
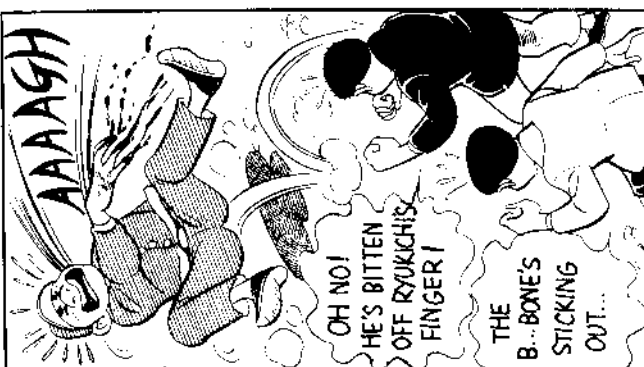
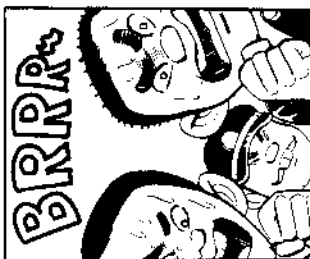
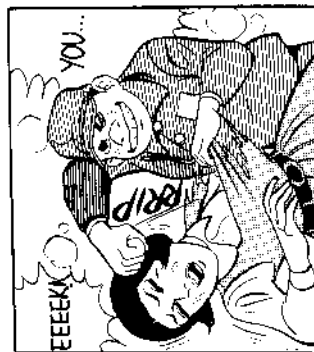


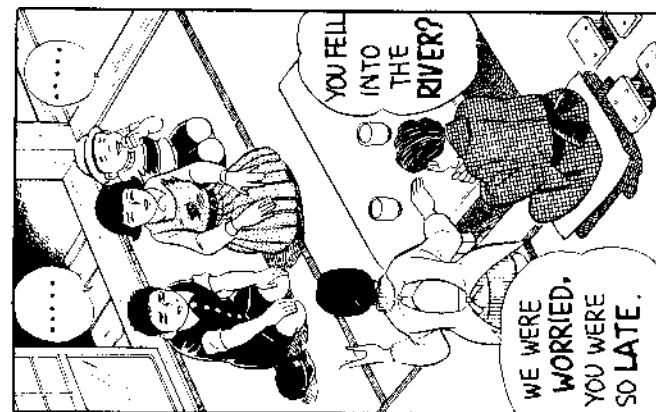
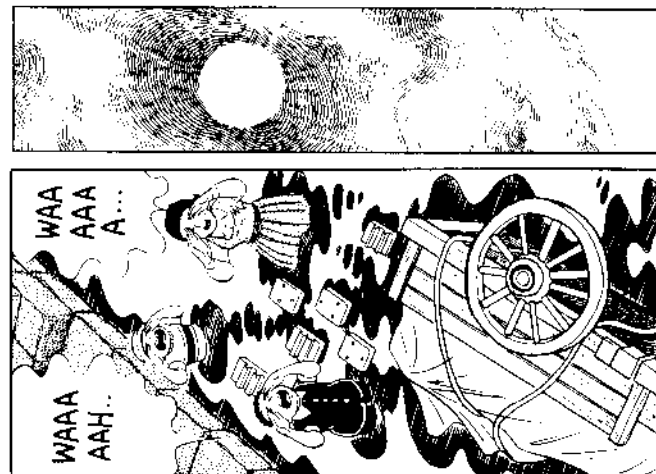


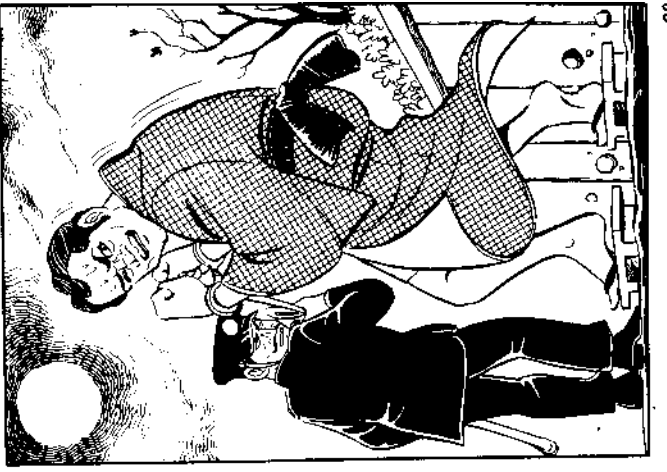
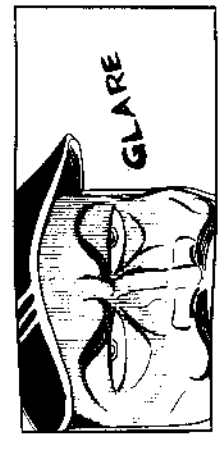
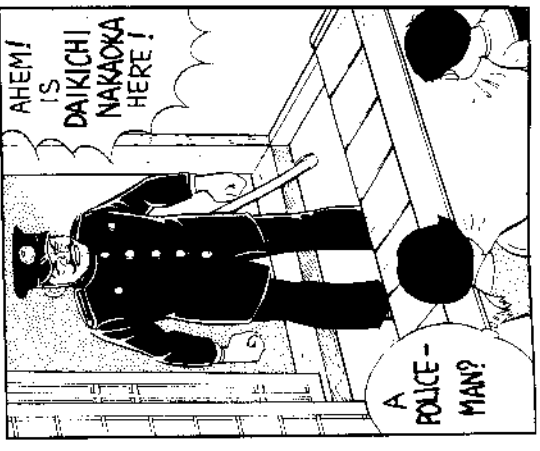
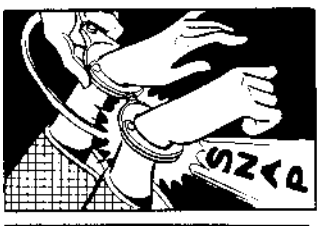
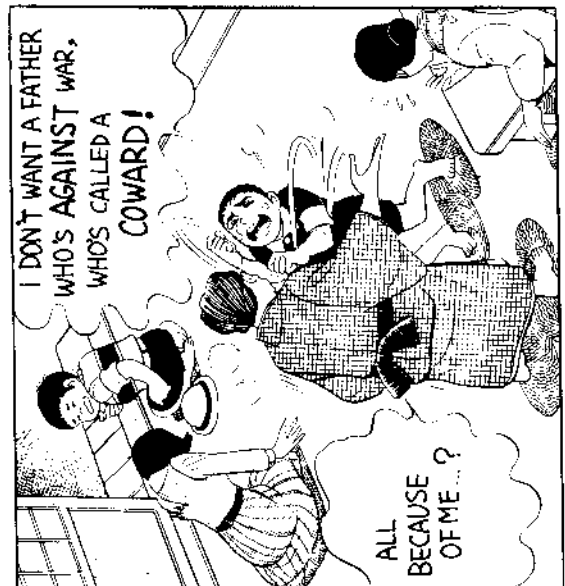


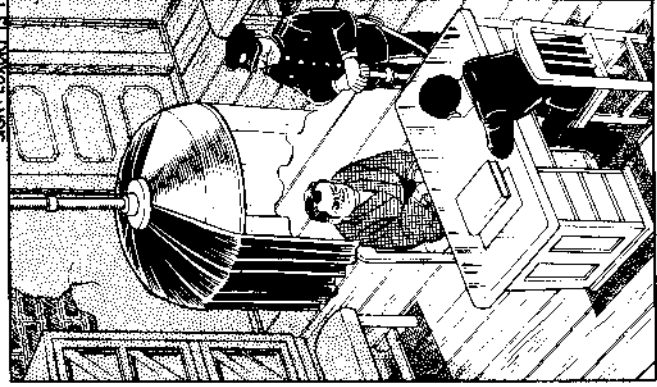
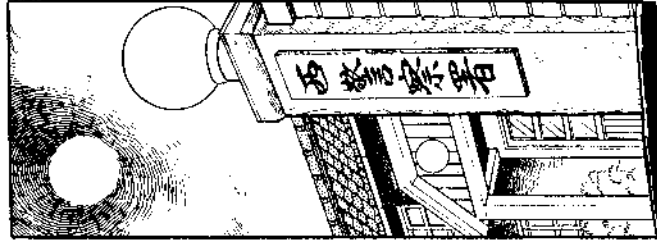
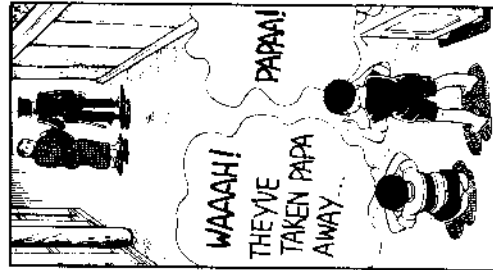
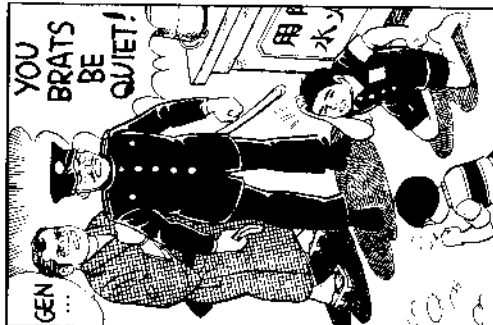
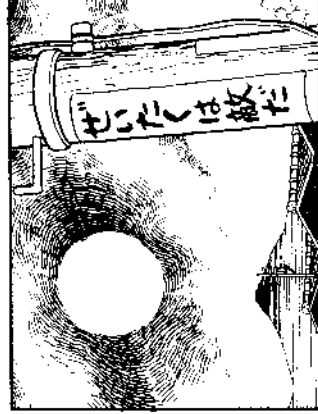
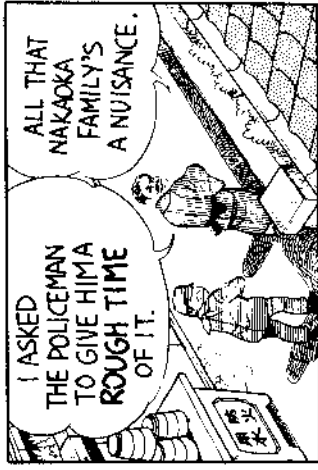
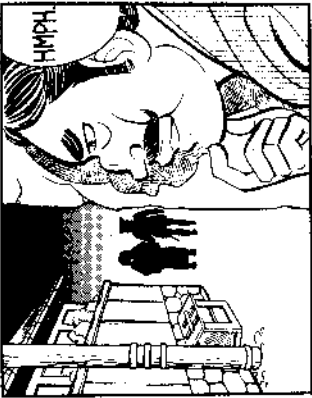
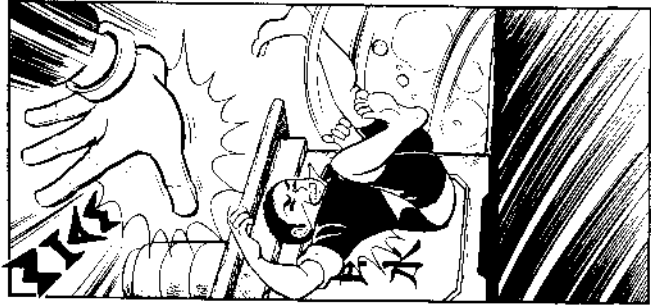
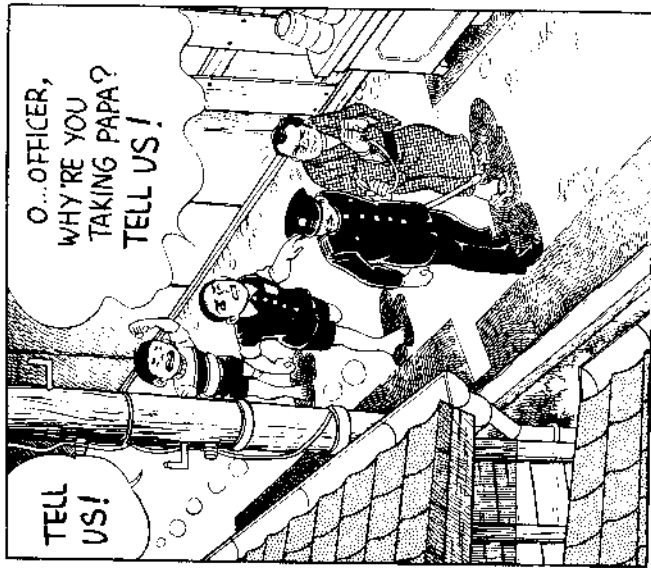


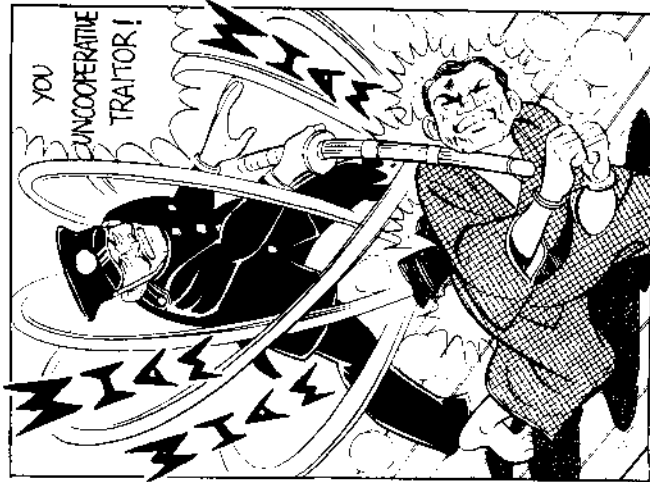
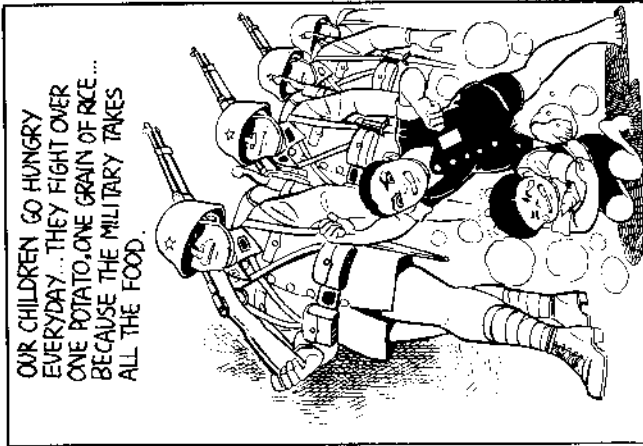
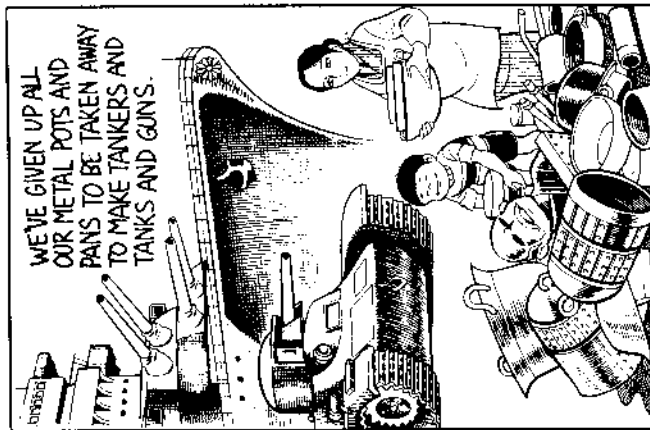
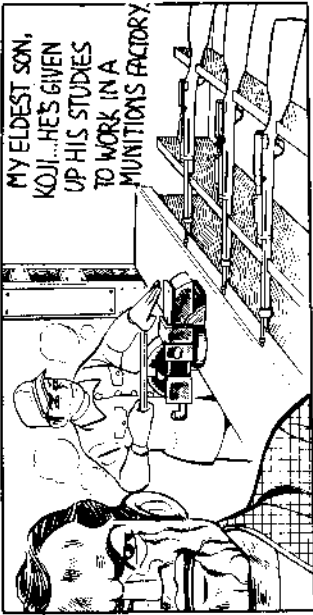
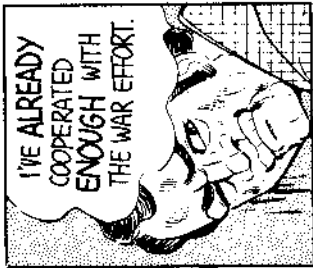
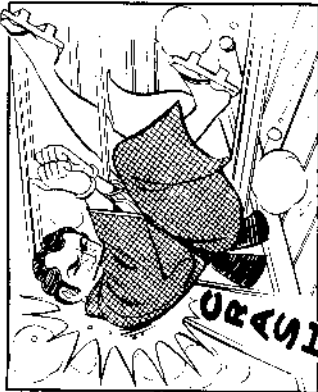
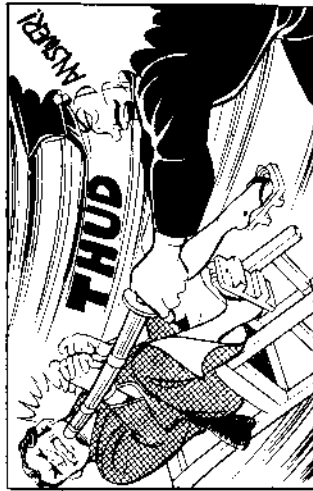


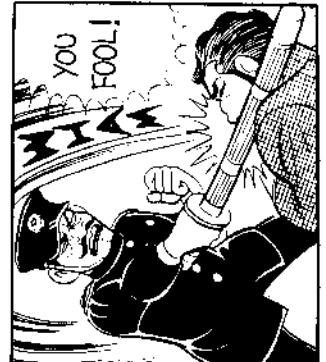
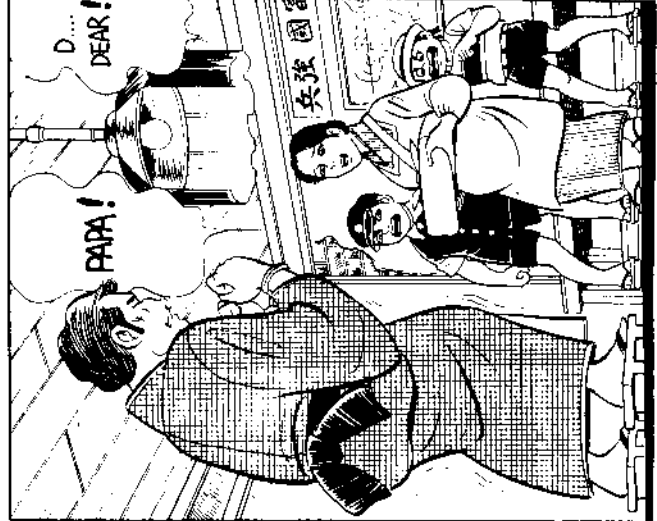
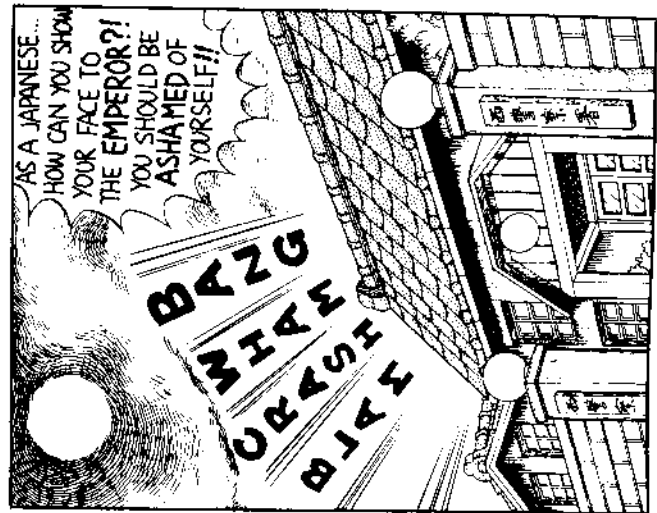
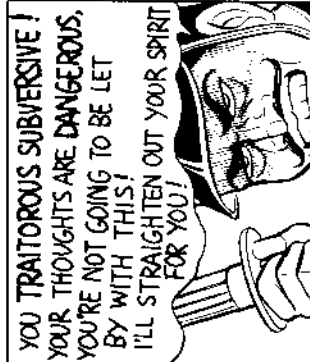
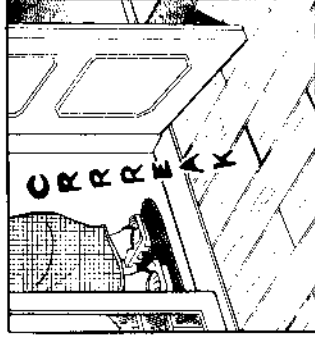
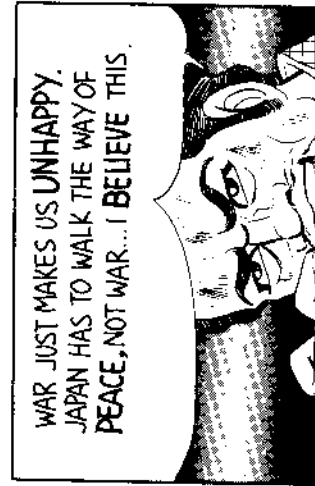
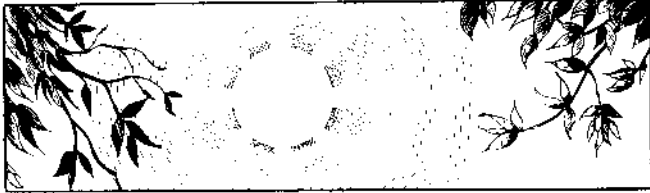


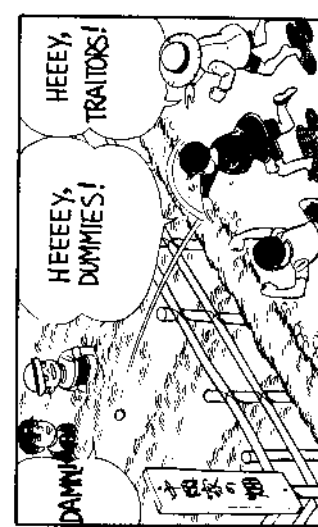
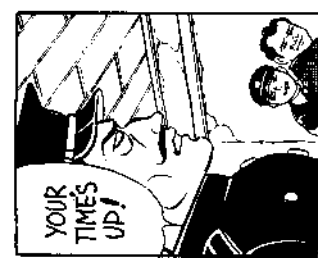
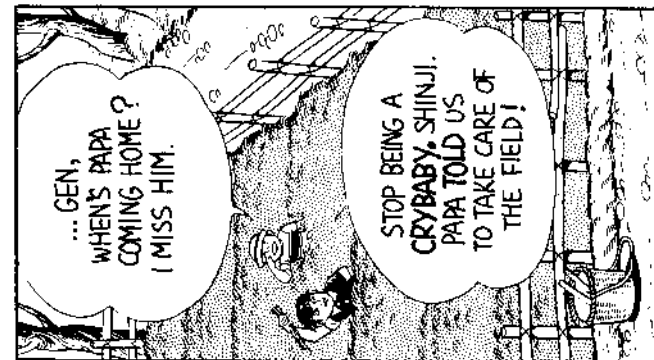
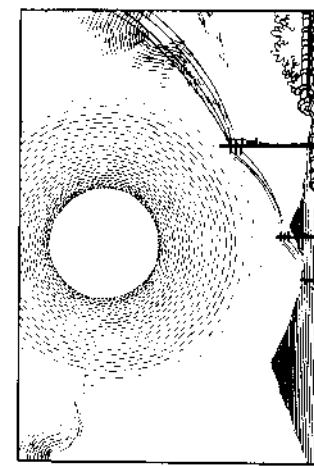


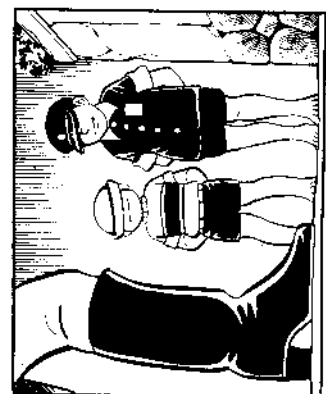
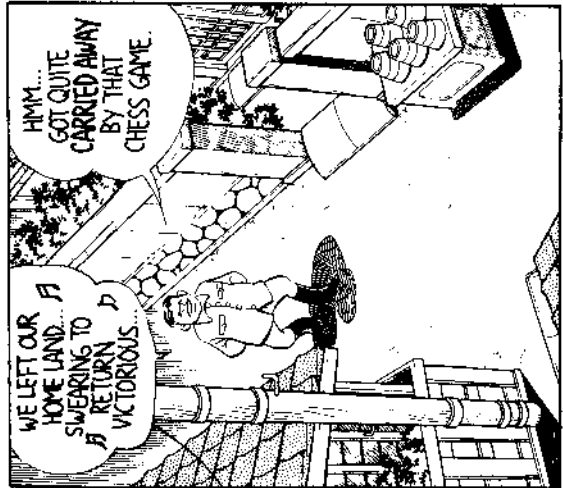
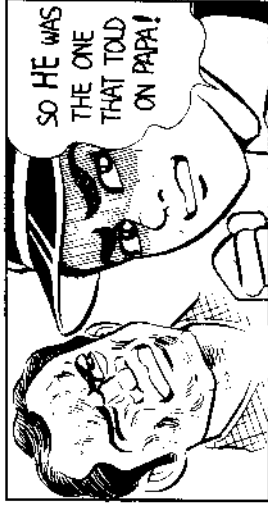
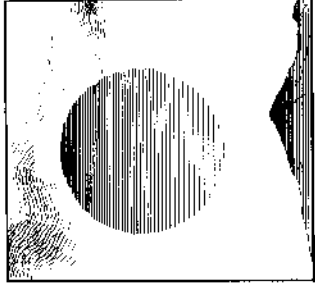
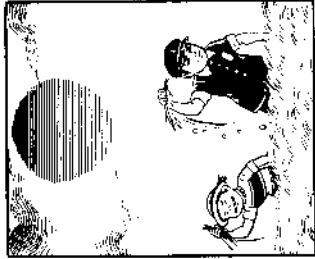
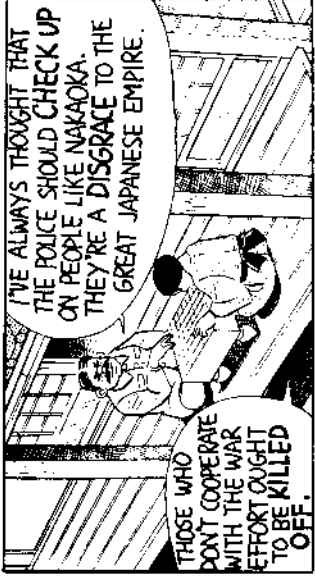
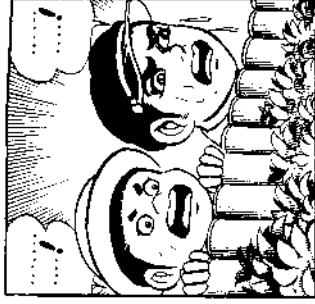


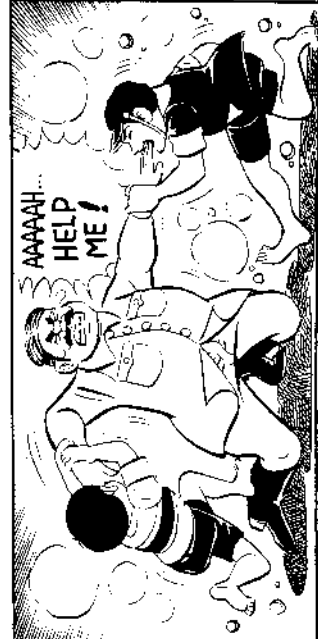
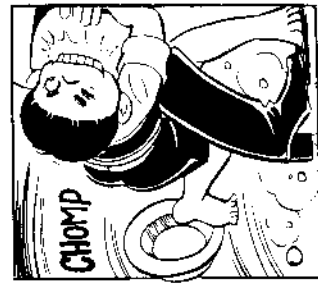
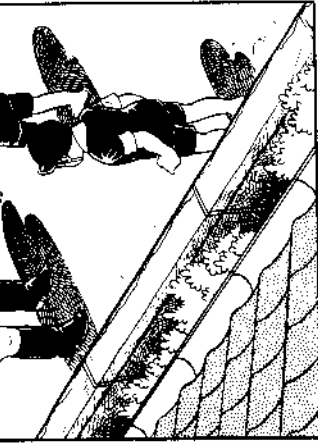
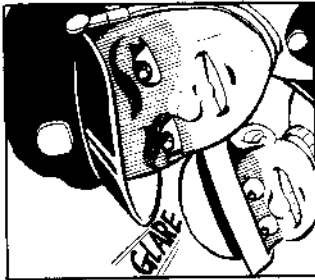
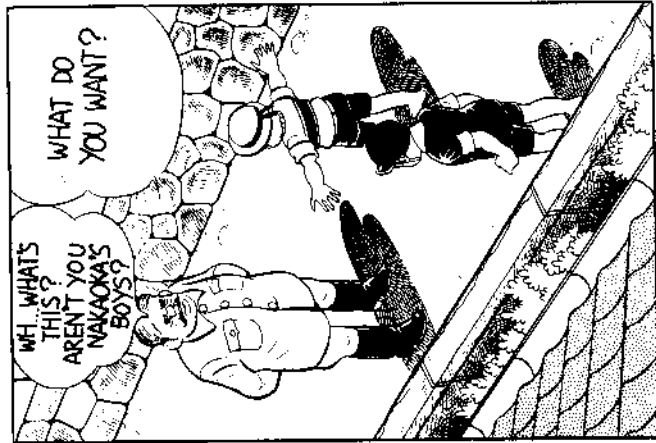


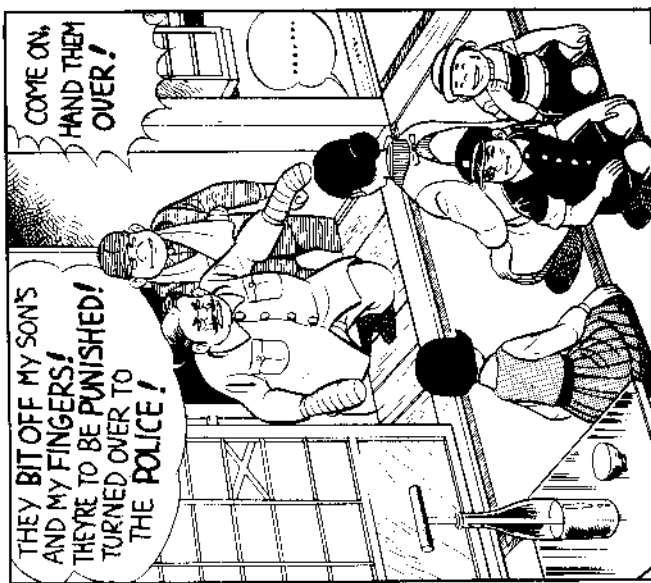
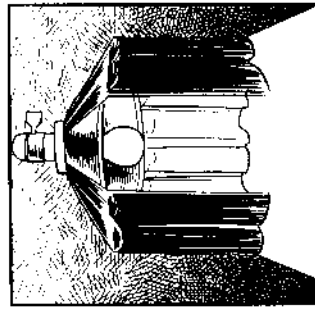
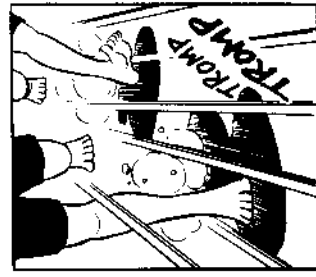
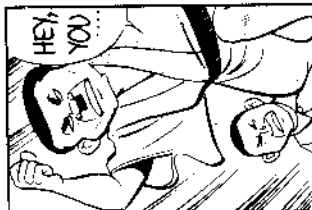
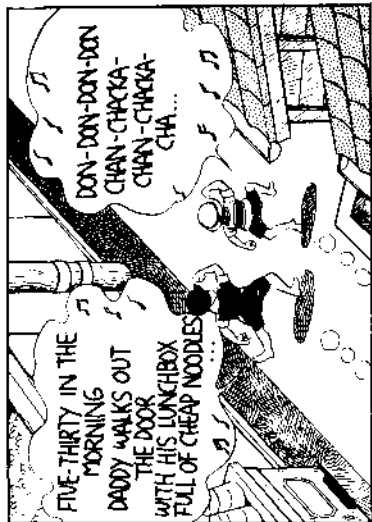
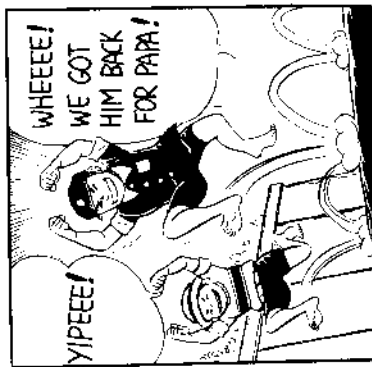
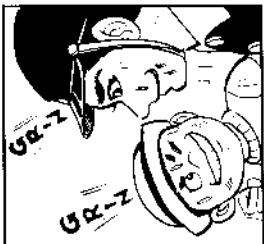
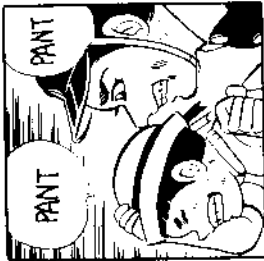
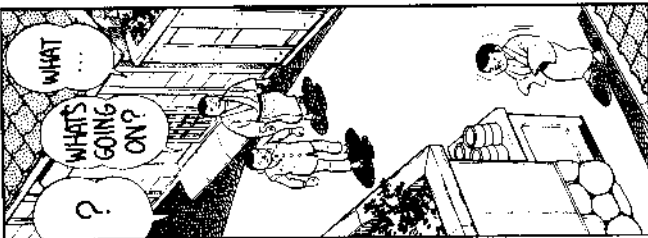
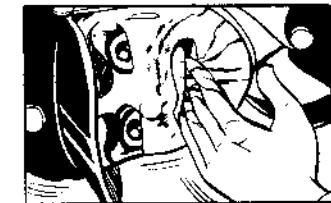


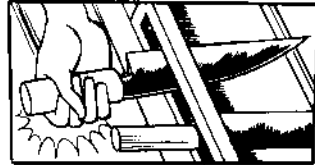
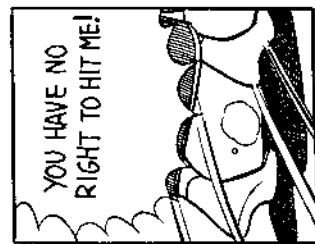
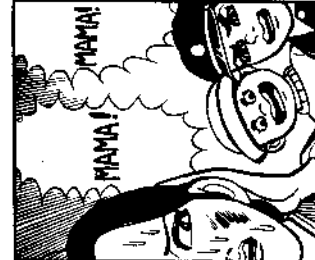
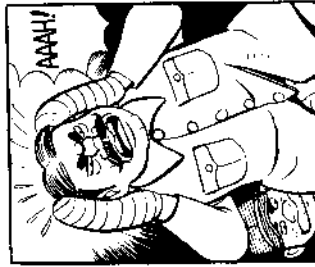
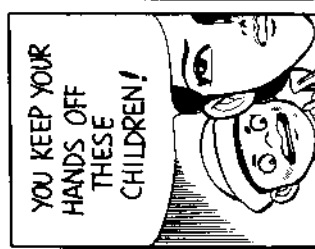
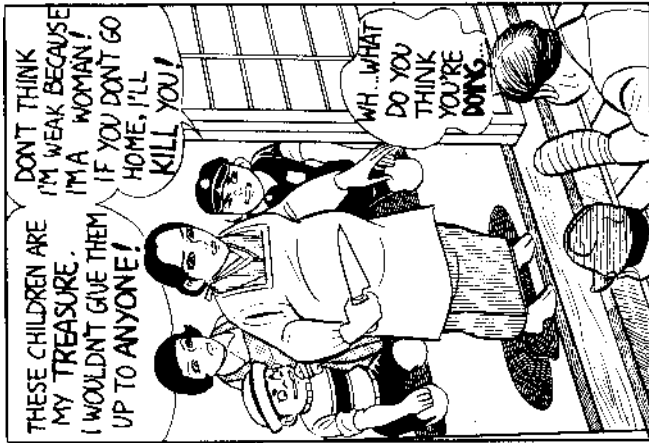


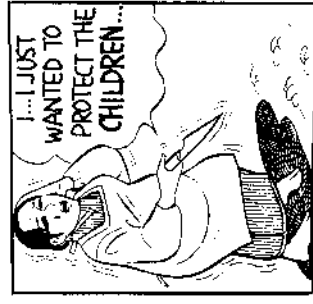
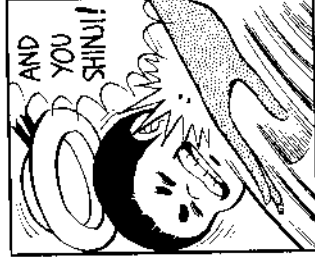
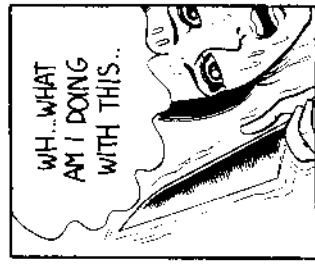
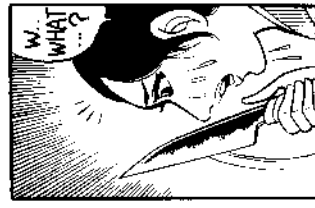
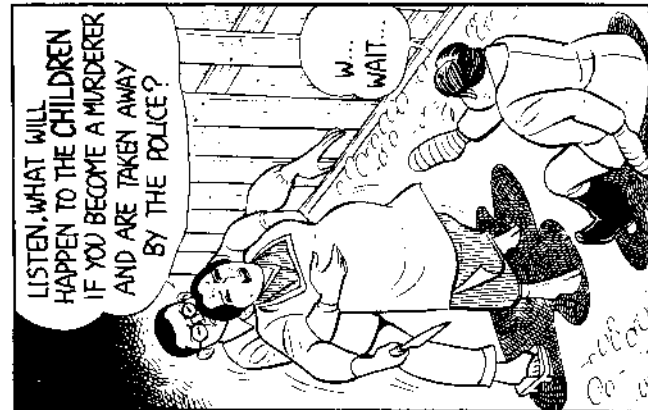
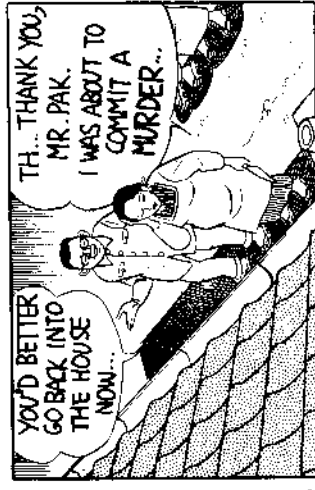
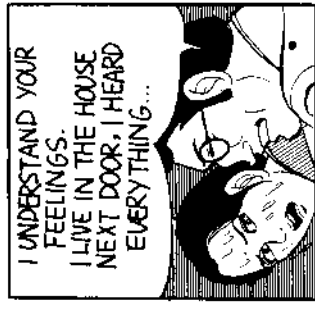
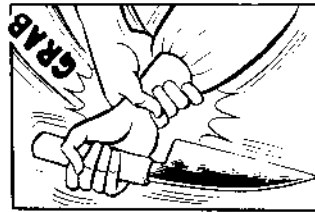
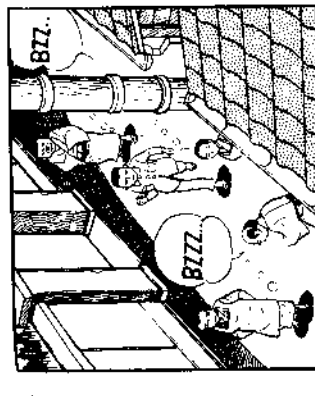
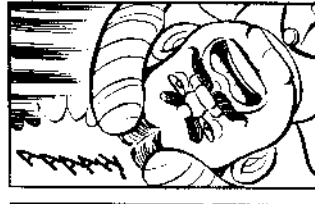
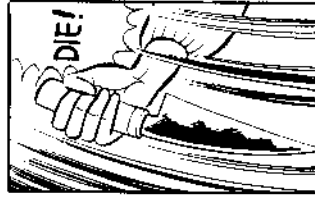


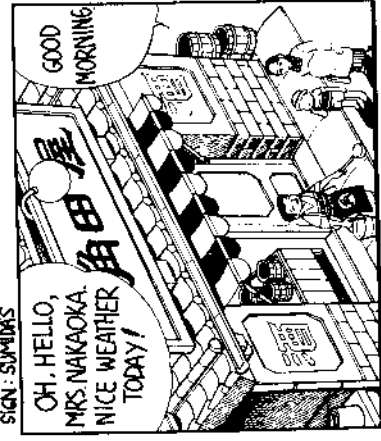
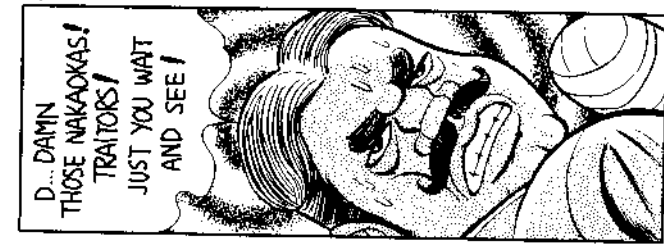
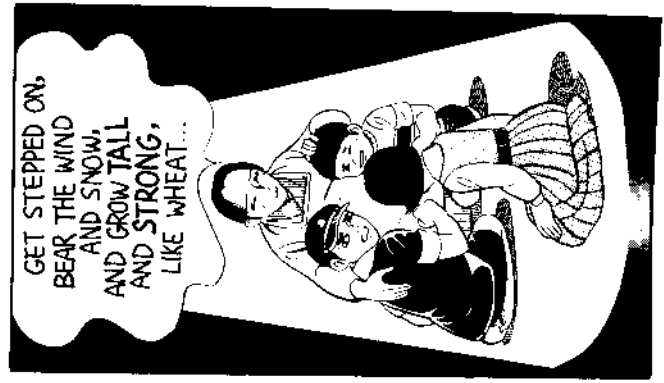
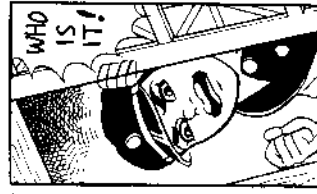
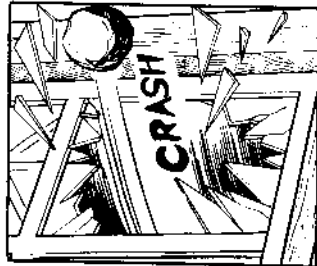


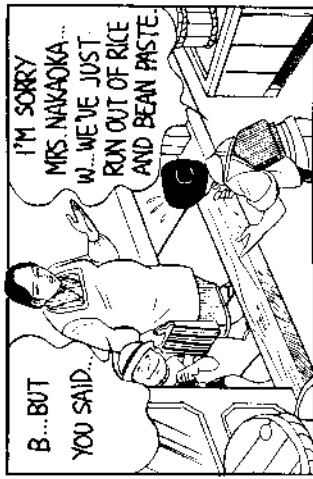
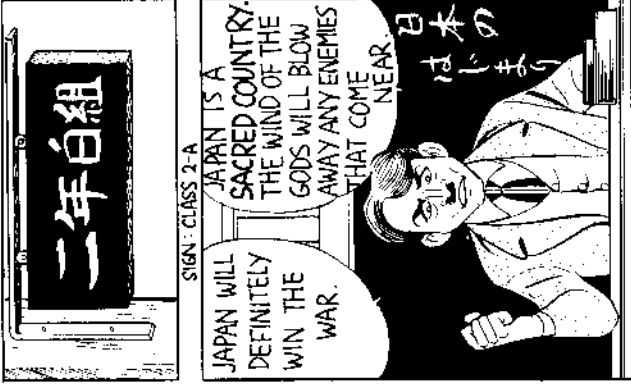
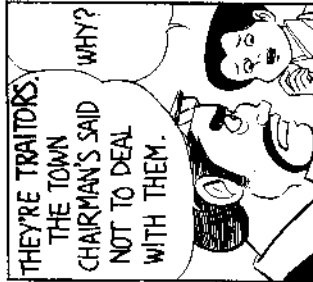
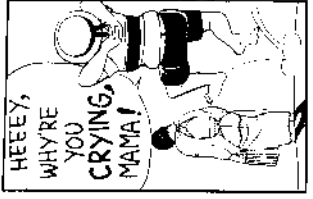
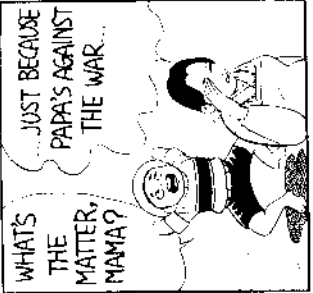
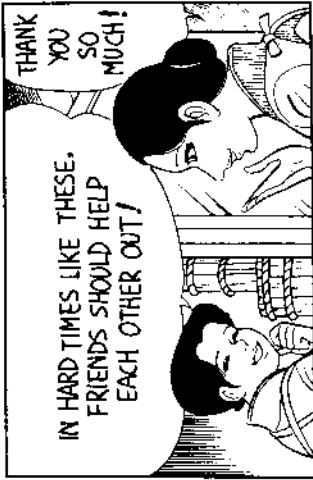


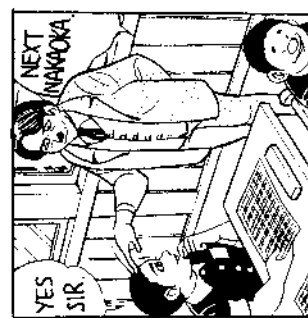
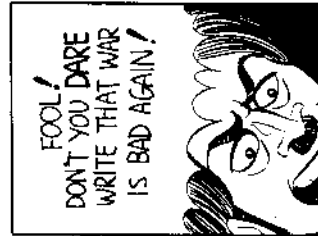
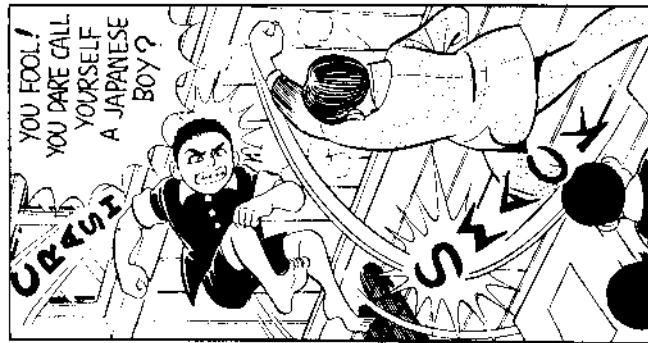


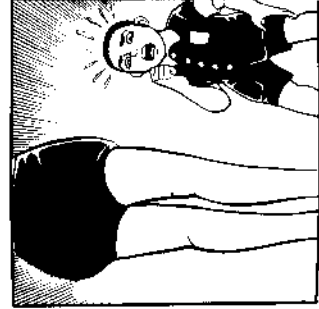
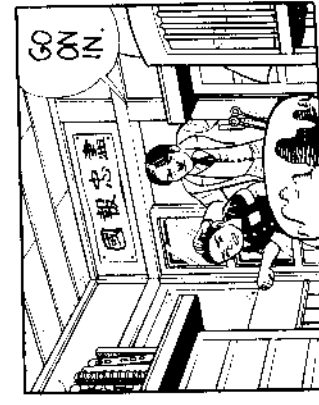
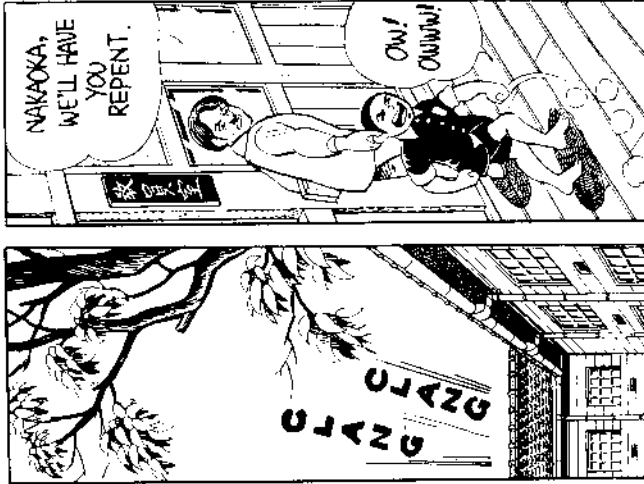
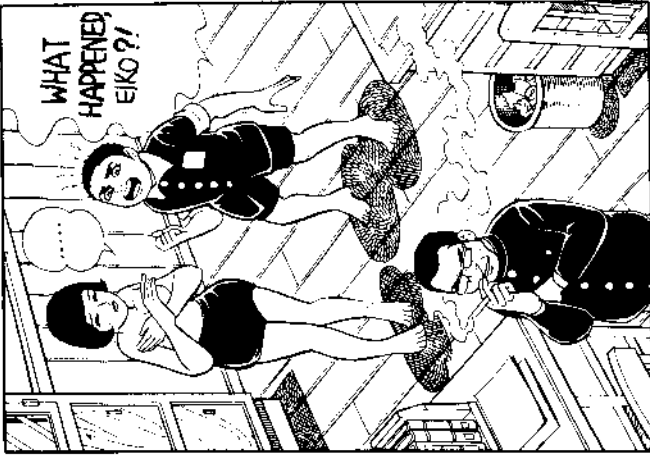






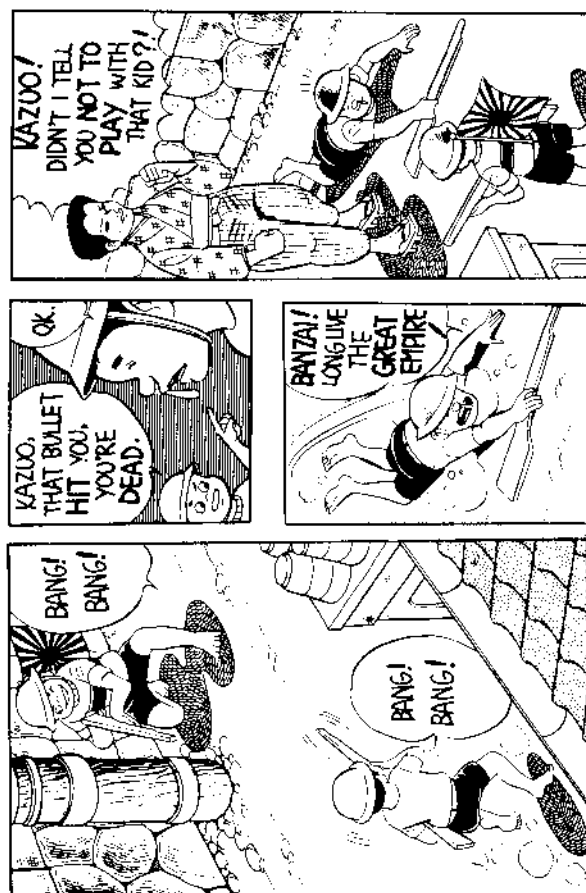
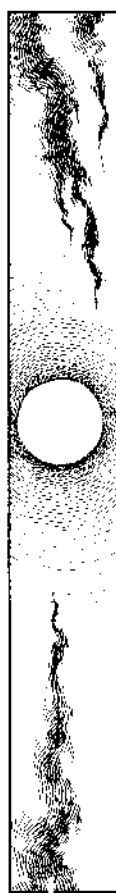


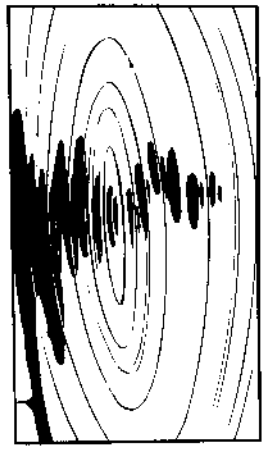
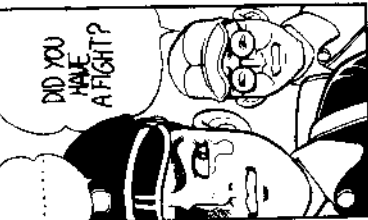
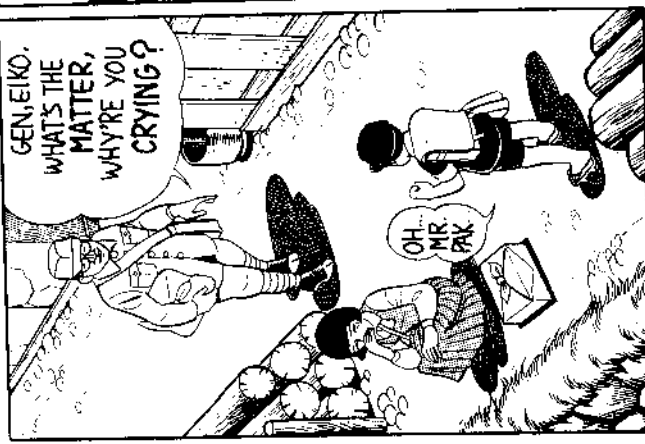
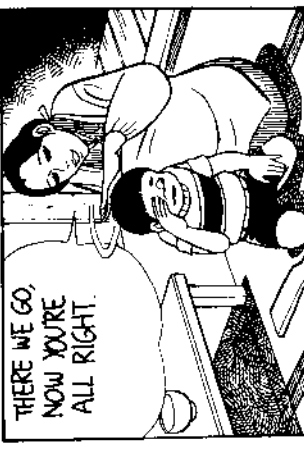
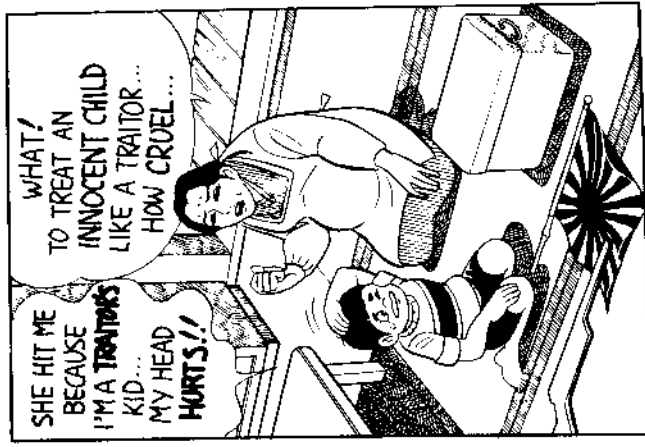
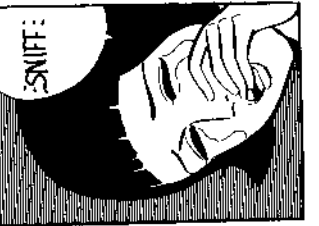
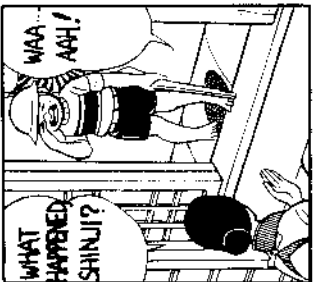
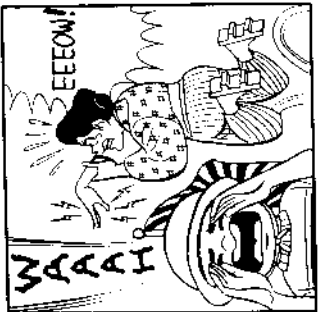
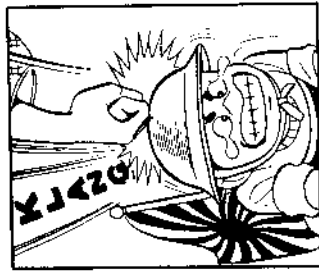
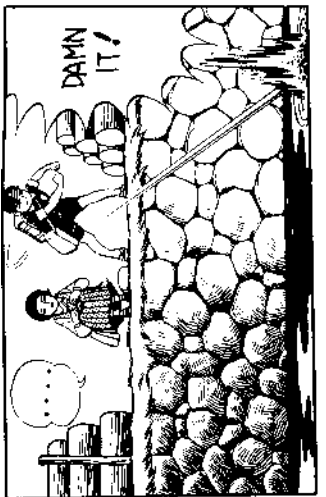


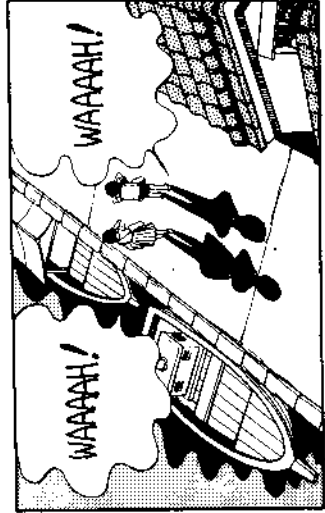
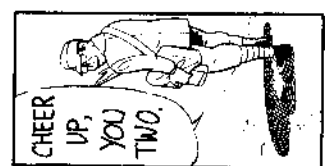
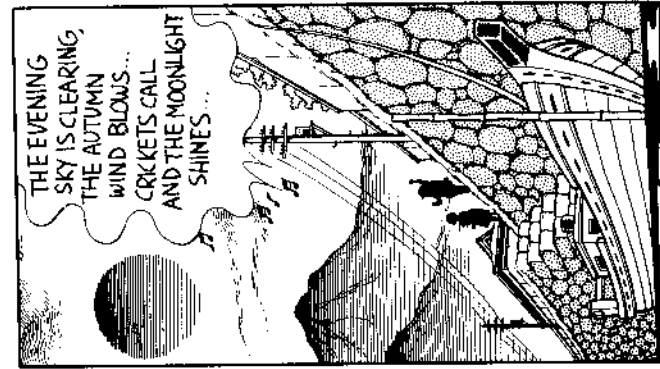
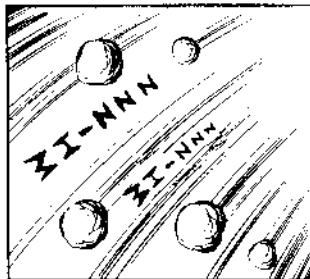
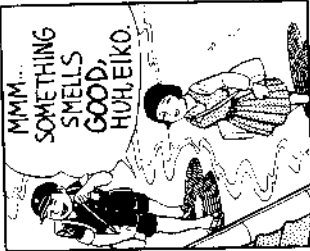
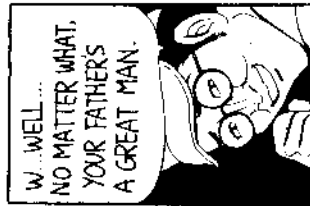


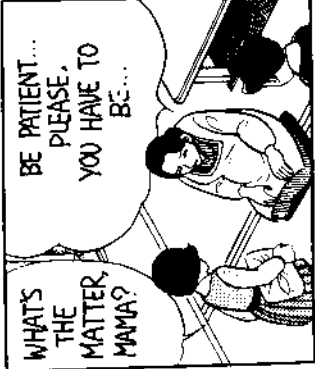
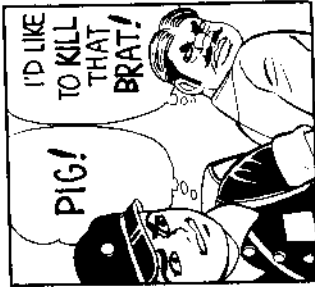
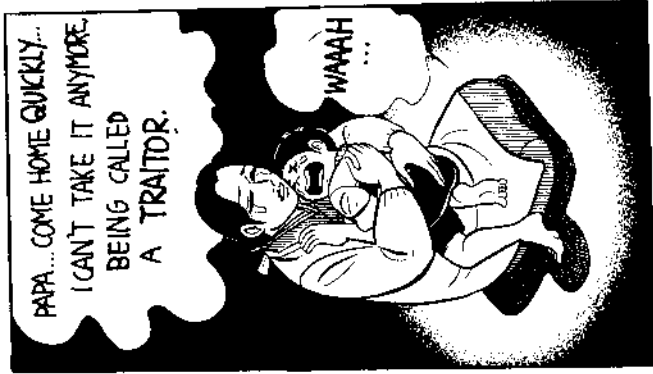
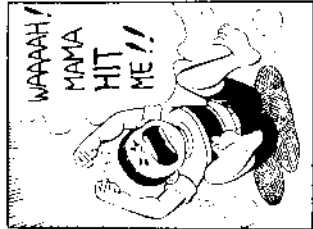


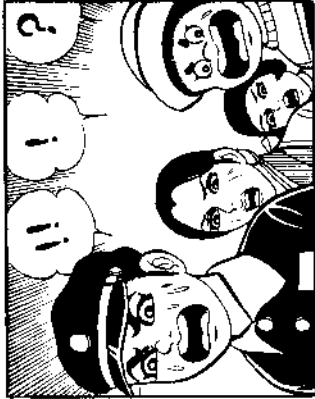
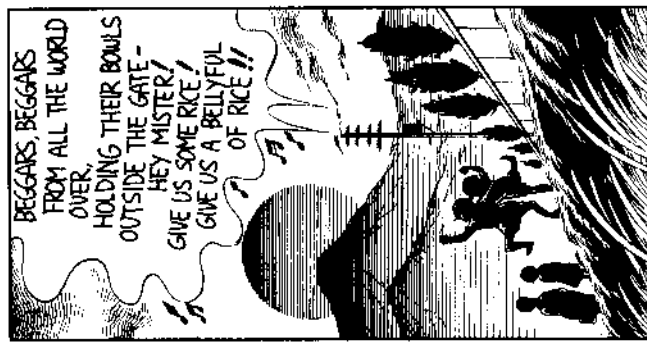
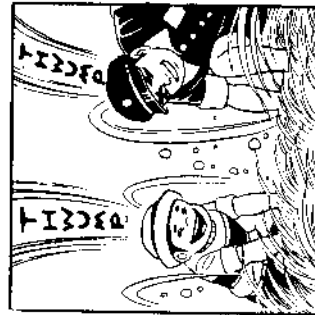
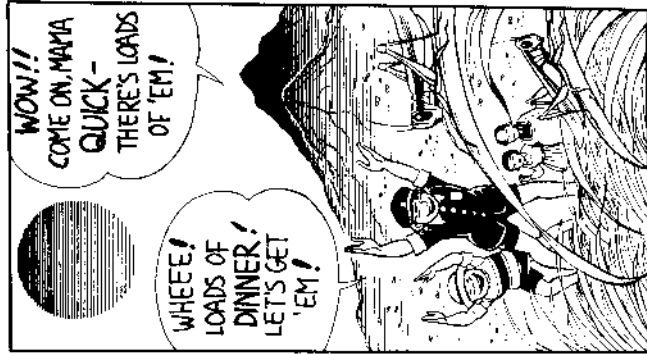
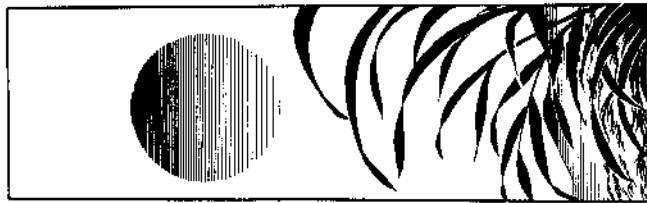
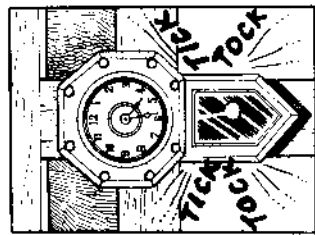
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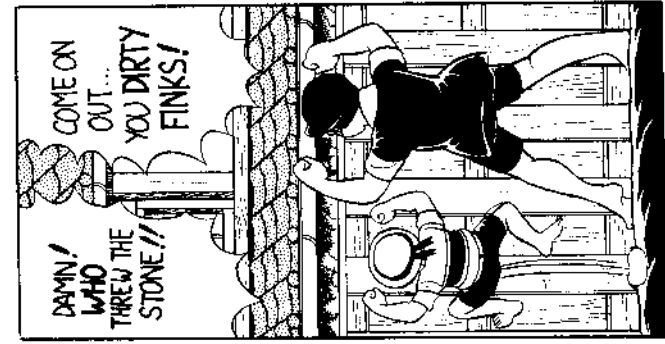
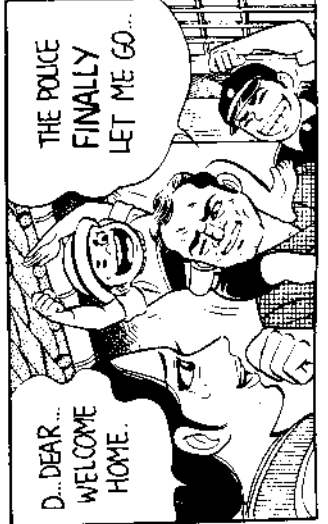
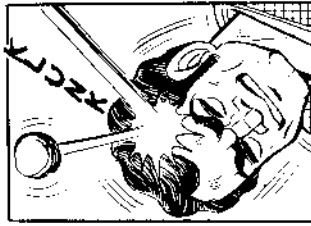
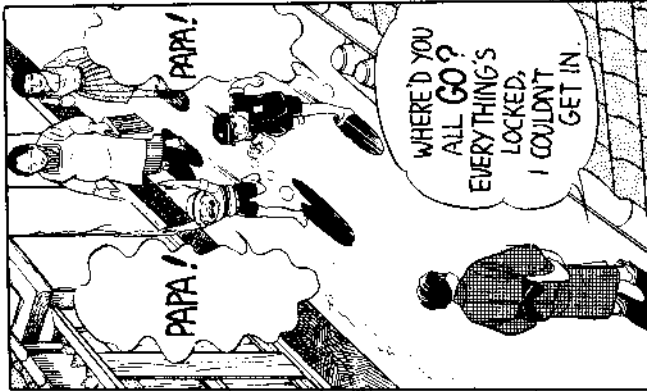
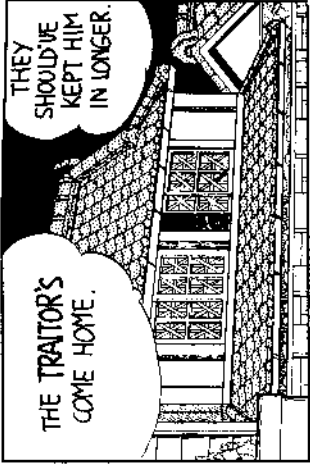
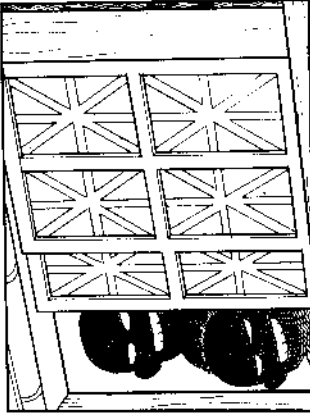
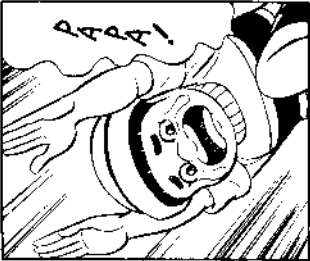


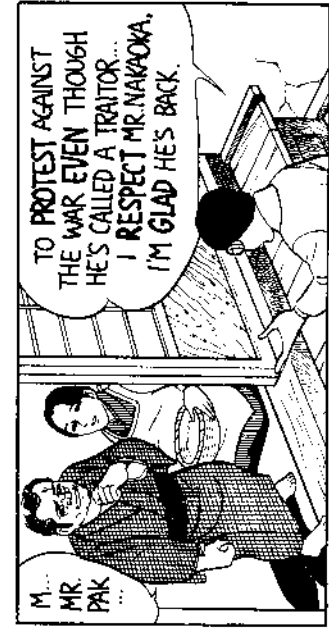
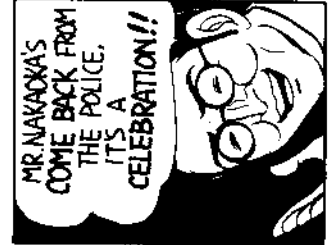
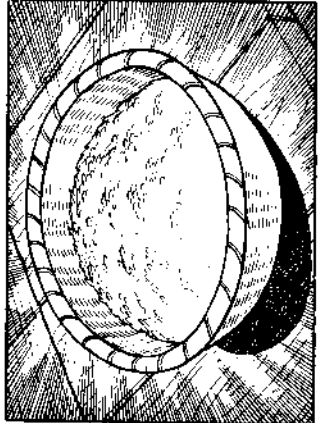
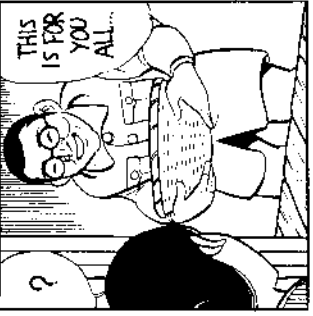
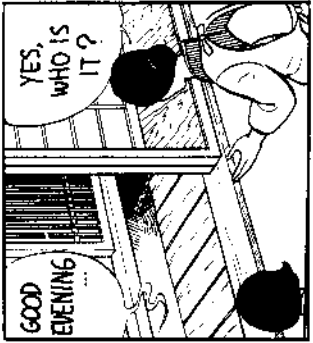
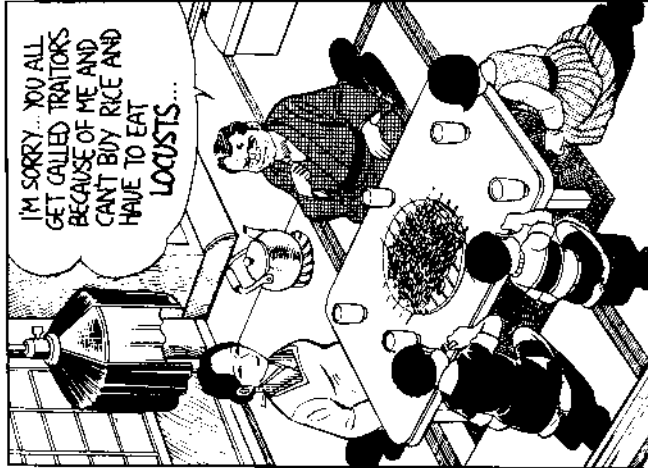
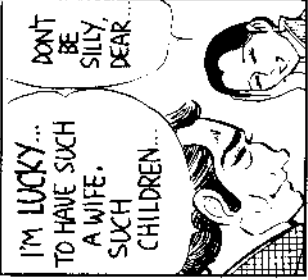
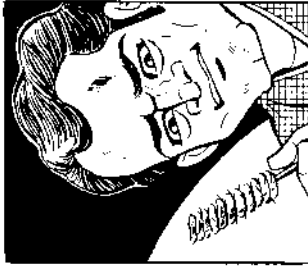
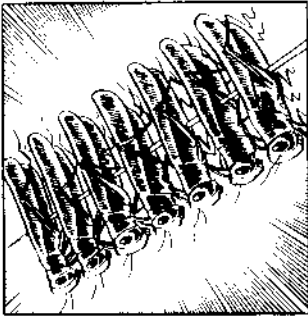


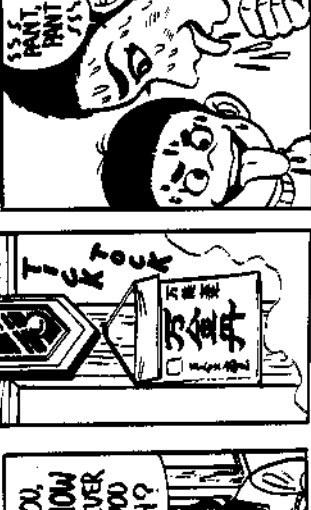
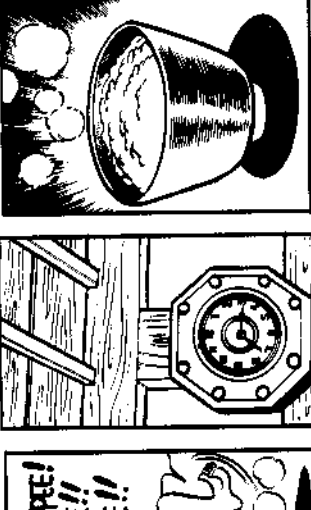
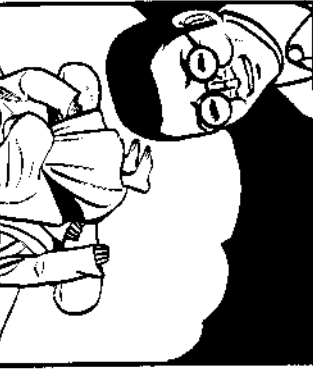
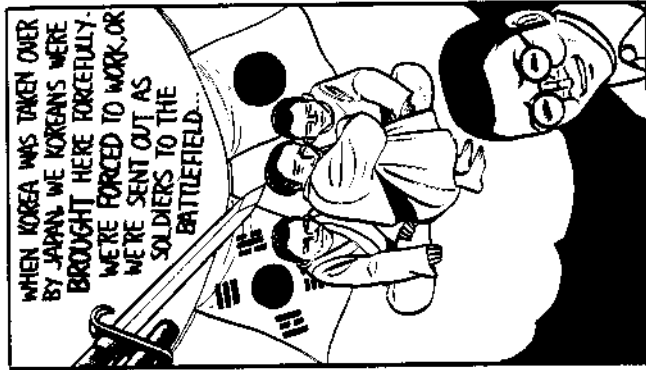


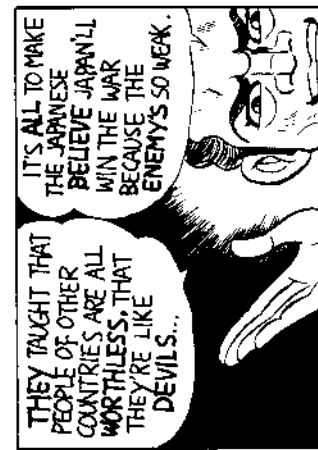
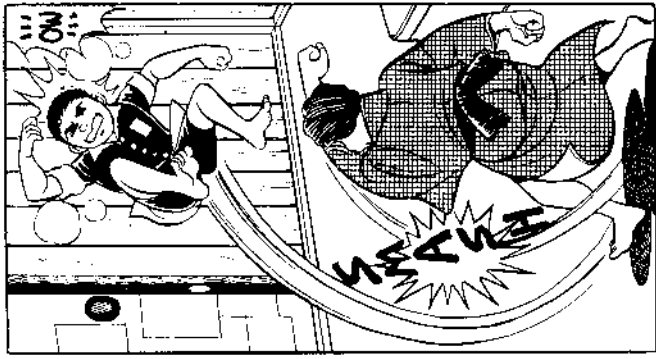
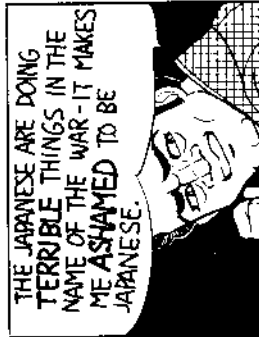
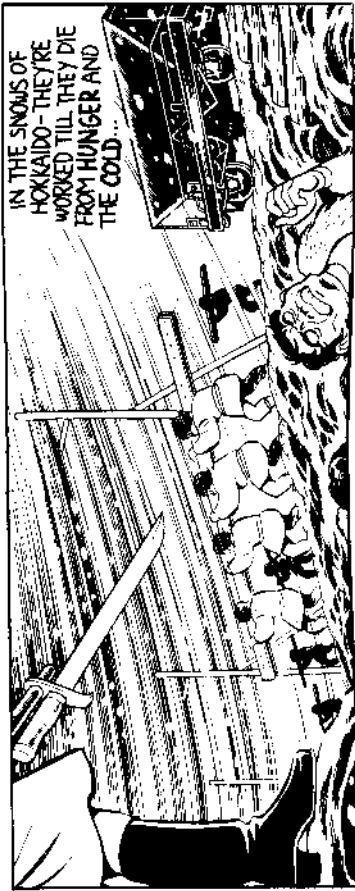
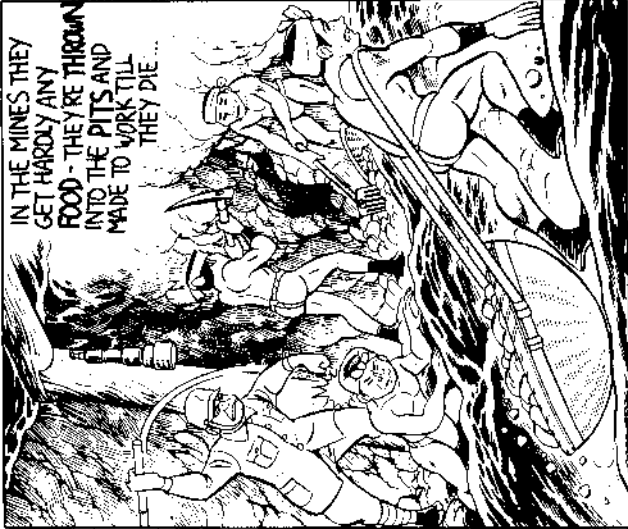
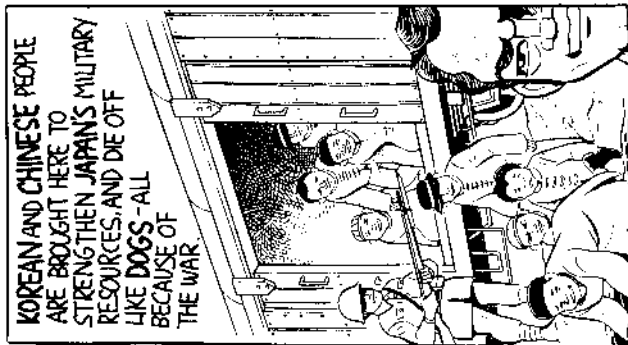


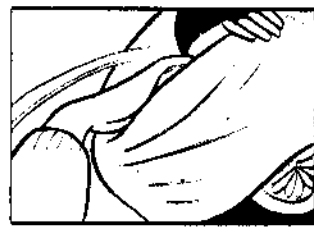
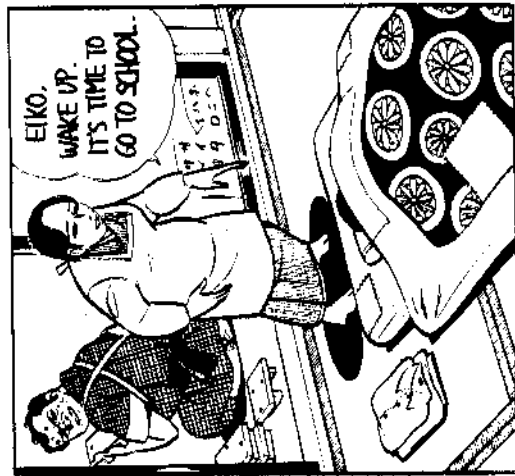
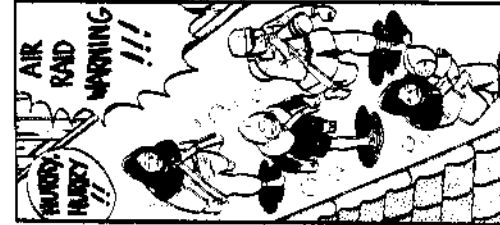
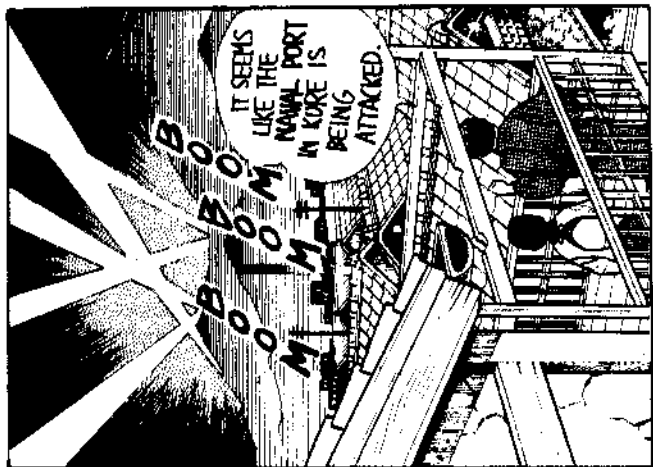
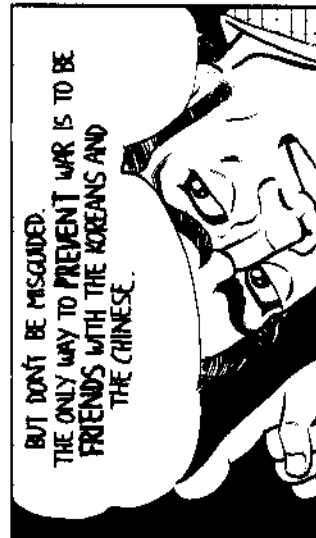














SOB
SOB
SOB...



WHAT
HAPPENED
TO
EIKO?

WHAT'S
THE
MATTER
WITH
YOU,
EIKO?



EIKO,
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

WHY
ARE YOU
CRYING?



SOB
SOB
SOB...



EIKO!



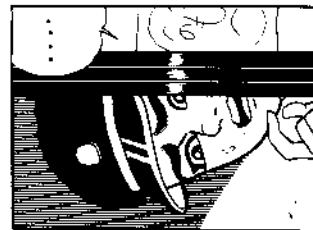
WHAT
IS IT?

WAAAH!
PAPA!!!



I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
YOU,
IF YOU CRY
LIKE THAT.

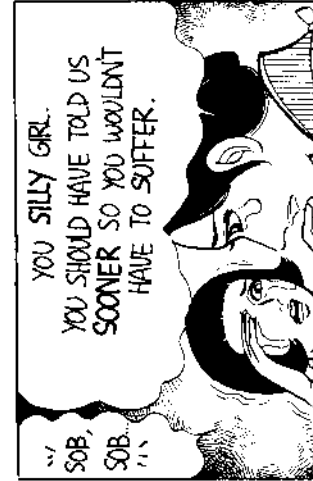
I DON'T WANT TO
GO TO SCHOOL
ANYMORE.
NO, NO!!



THEY ACCUSED HER
OF BEING A THIEF
AND TOOK ALL HER
CLOTHES OFF.



I DON'T
WANT TO
GO BACK,
EITHER.

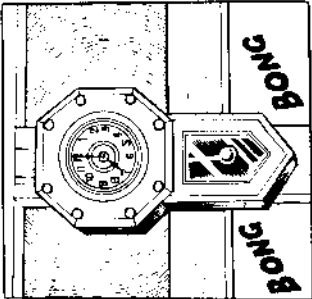


SOB,
SOB,
SOB...

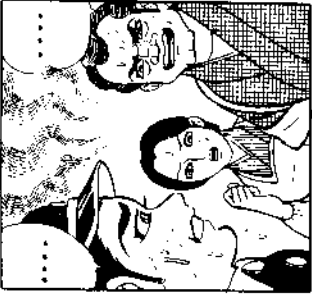
YOU SILLY GIRL.
YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD US
SOONER SO YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE TO SUFFER.



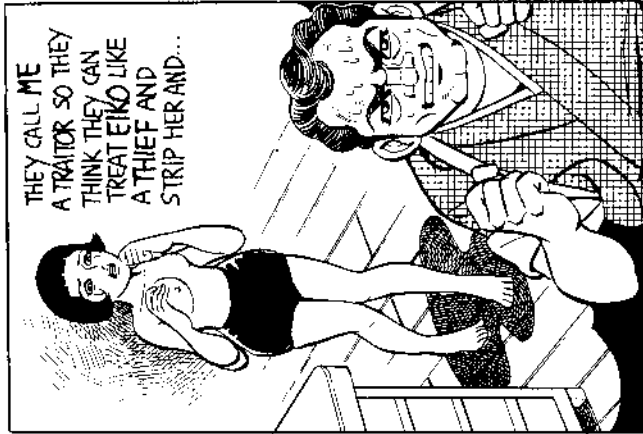
BOO
HOO
HOO,
MAMA...



BONG
BONG



D...
DEAR...



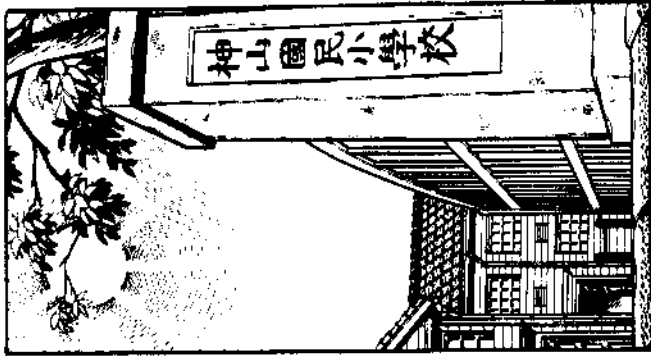
THEY CALL ME
A TRAITOR SO THEY
THINK THEY CAN
TREAT EIKO LIKE
A THIEF AND
STRIP HER AND...



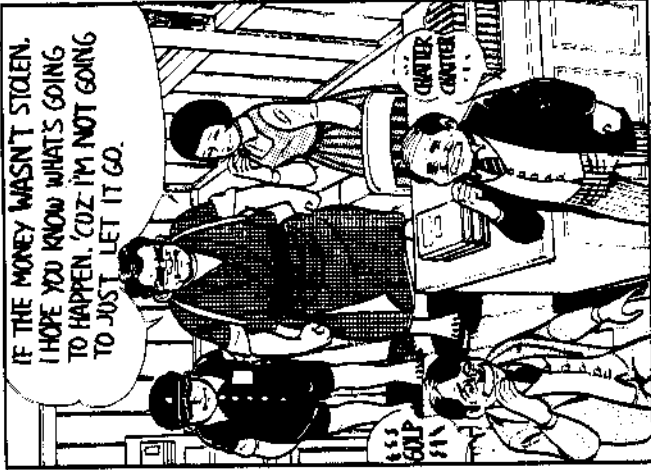
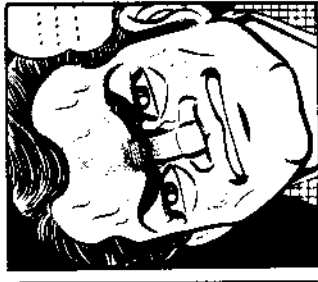
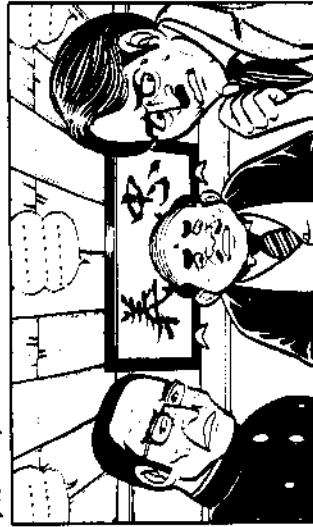
I'VE HAD
ENOUGH
OF IT.



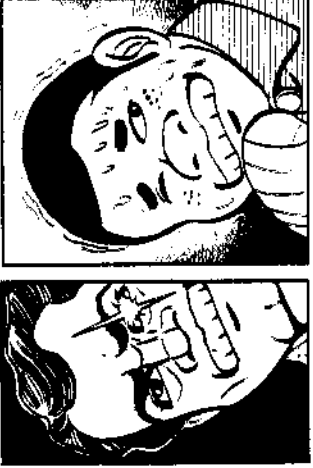
EIKO, YOU STAYED
QUIET SO YOU
WOULDN'T WORRY
MAMA?

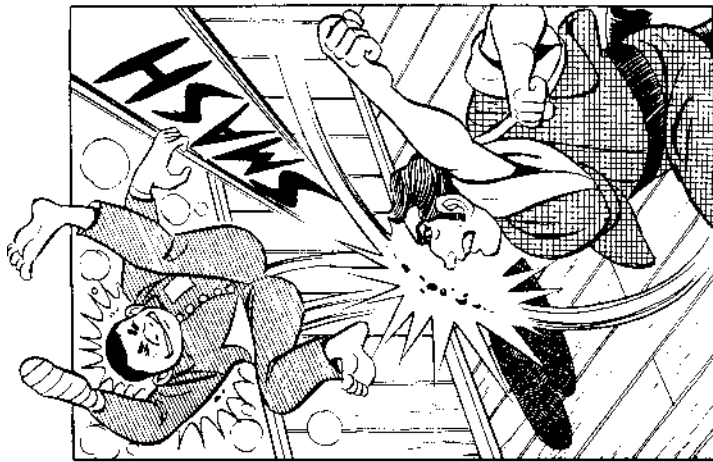


FACULTY ROOM



KAMINAMI ELEMENTARY SCHOOL





OO...
OOO...
WHAT CROOKS YOU
AND YOUR FATHER ARE,
SNEAKING AROUND
AND GETTING PEOPLE
INTO TROUBLE.



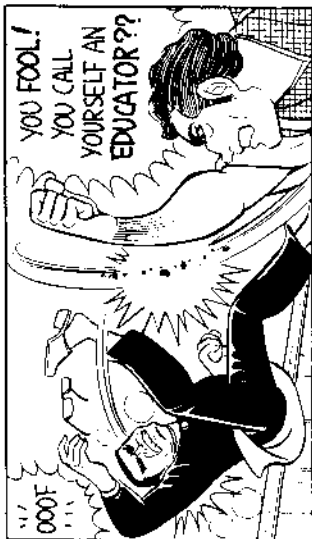
OW OW,
FORGIVE
ME.

YOU
BRAINLESS
IDIOT,
YOU...

BONK
BONK



UH...
OH...
WELL?



YOU FOOL!
YOU CALL
YOURSELF AN
EDUCATOR??



YOU THINK YOU HAVE
THE RIGHT TO SEARCH
MY DAUGHTER WITHOUT
EVIDENCE??



ML... MR.
NAKAOKA, I
UNDERSTAND
YOUR ANGER,
BUT...

BE
QUIET
!!!



YOU'VE SCARRED THE CHILDS
HEART FOREVER -
YOU AREN'T QUALIFIED TO
TEACH CHILDREN!



HEY NUMATA,
YOU SAID THAT EIKO STOLE
THE MONEY BECAUSE I'M A
"TRAITOR" WHO'S AGAINST
THE WAR, RIGHT?



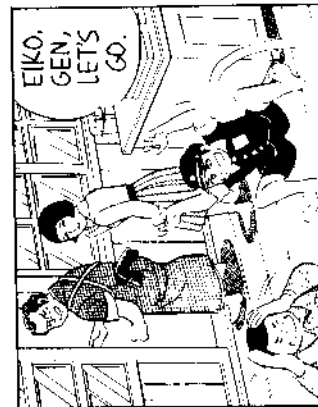
THE WAY I SEE IT, YOU'RE A WORSE
TRAITOR THAN I - YOU TRICK YOUR
PUPILS, YOU MAKE THEM BELIEVE
IN WAR AND SEND THEM OFF TO DIE!



DON'T GO BOASTING
ABOUT BEING
A TEACHER.
UNDERSTAND,
YOU MORON??



DON'T YOU EVER
CALL MY CHILDREN
THIEVES!



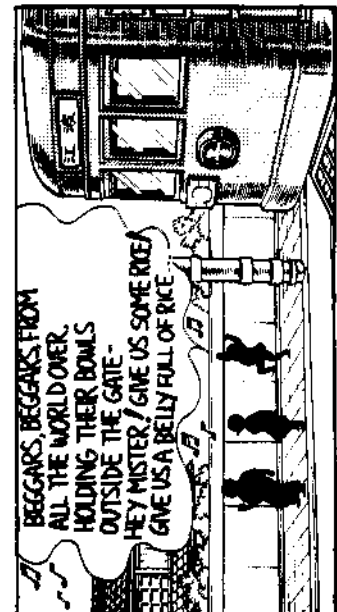
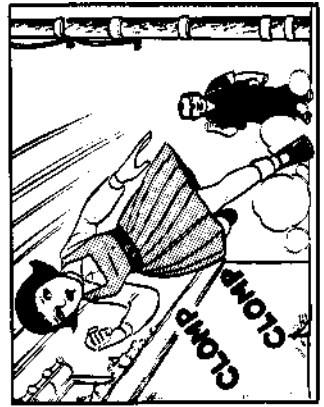
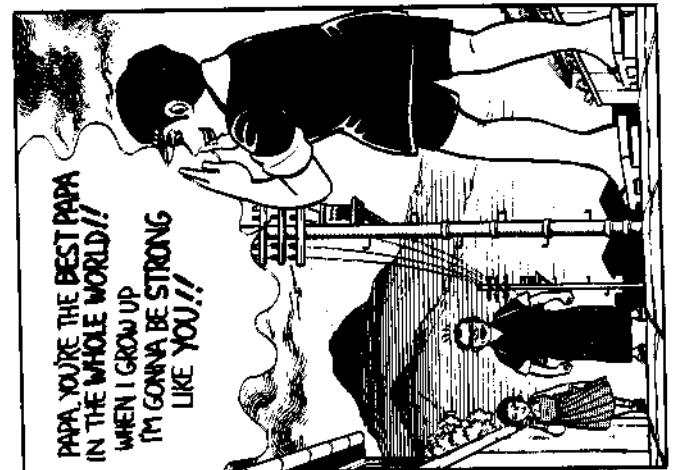
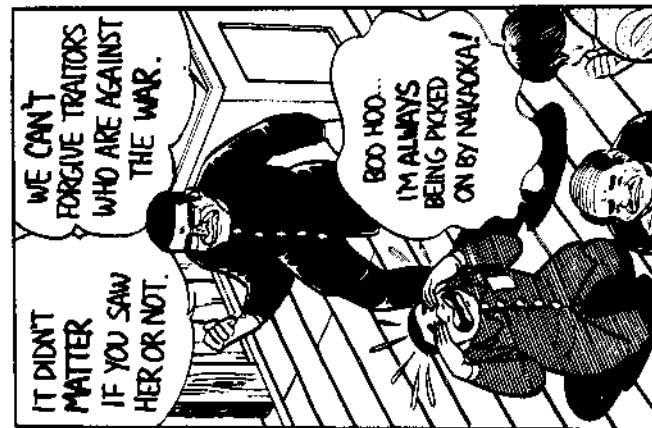
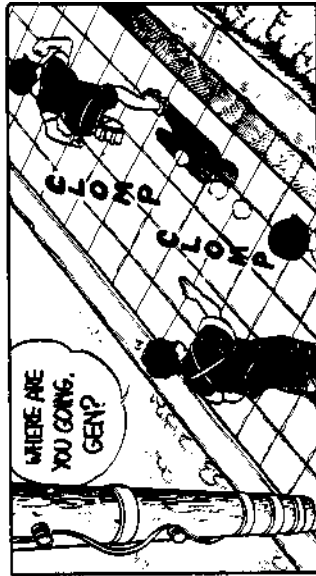
EIKO,
GEN, LET'S
GO.

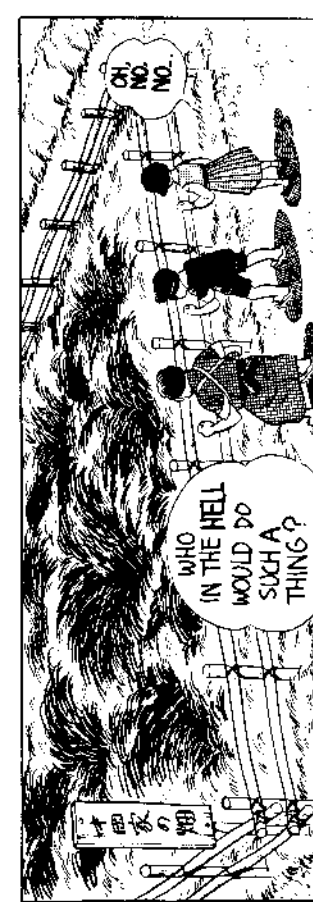
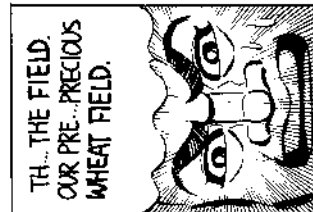
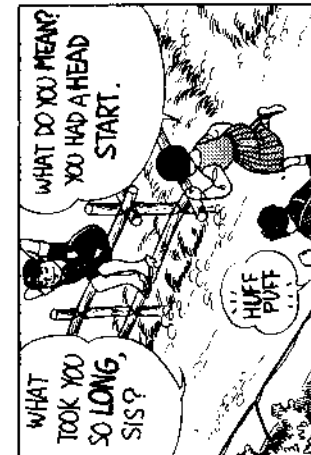
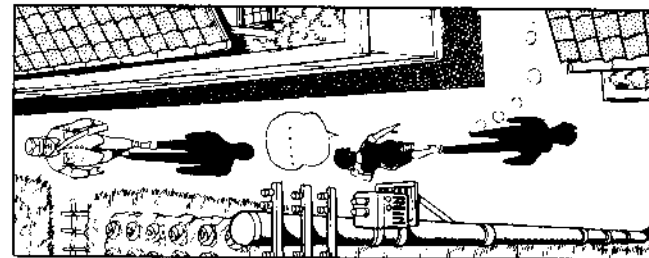
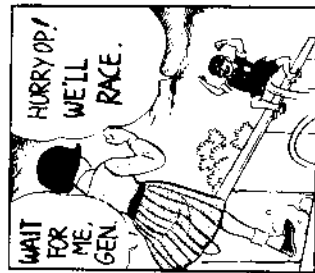
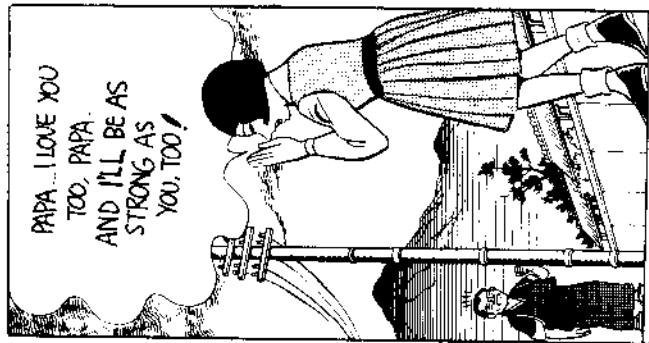


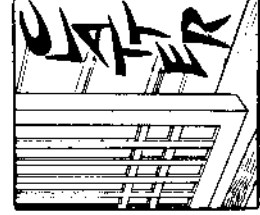
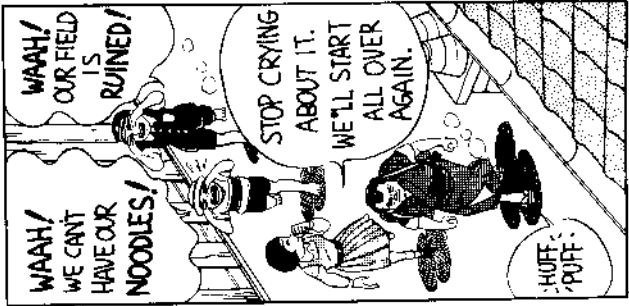
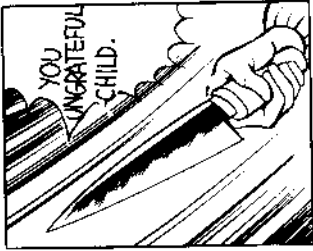
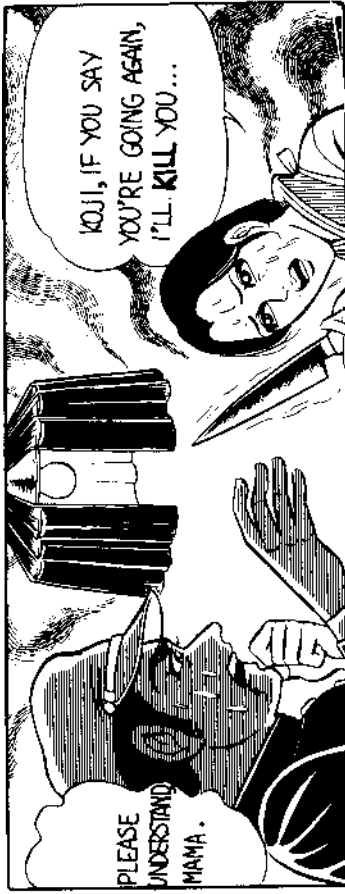
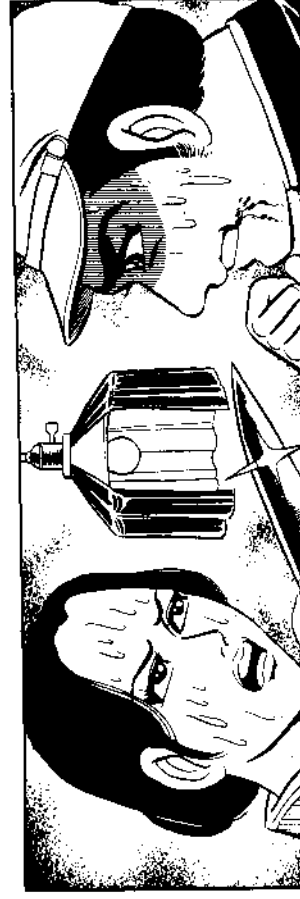
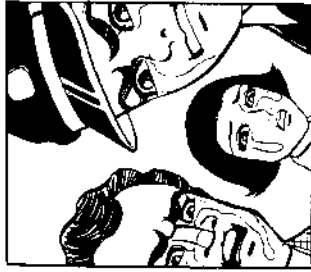
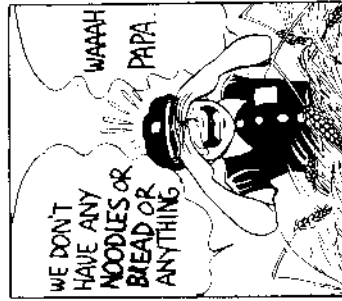
THAT
TRAITOR...

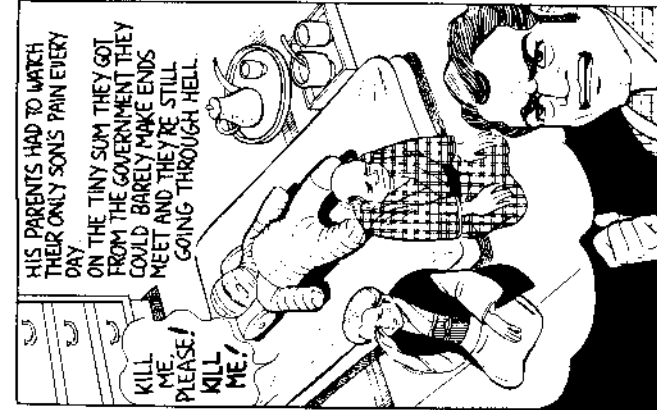
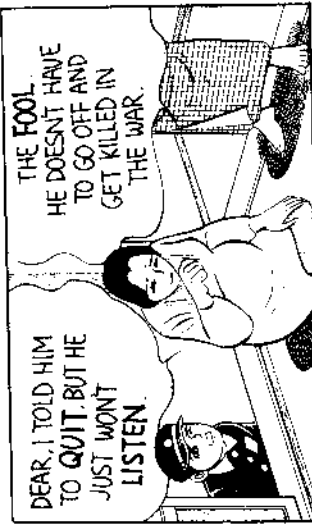
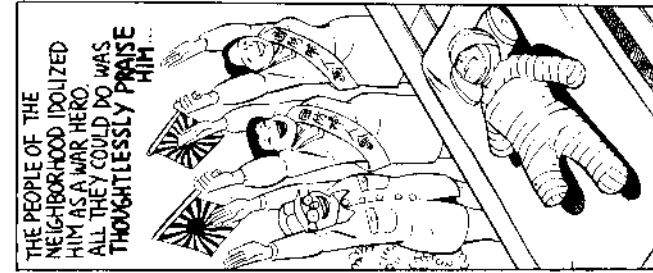
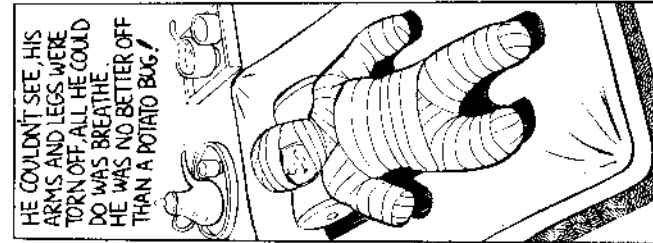
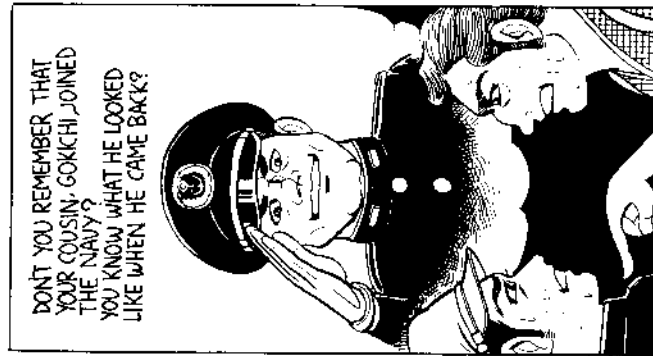
SLAM!

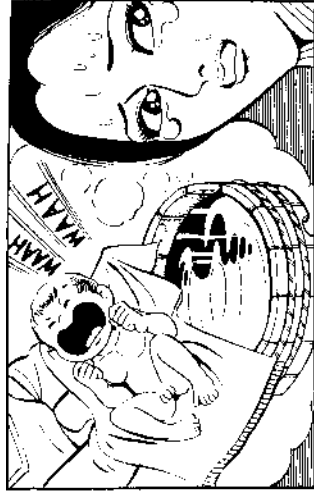
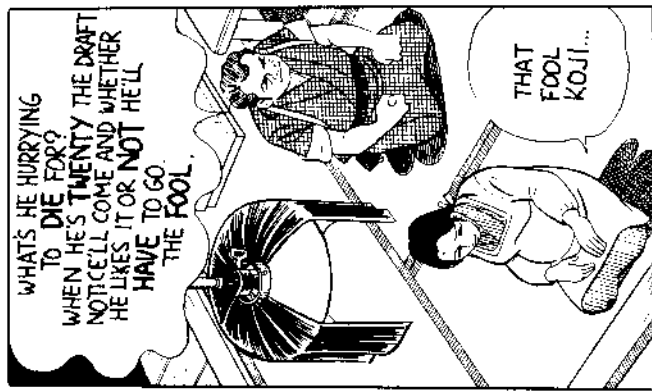
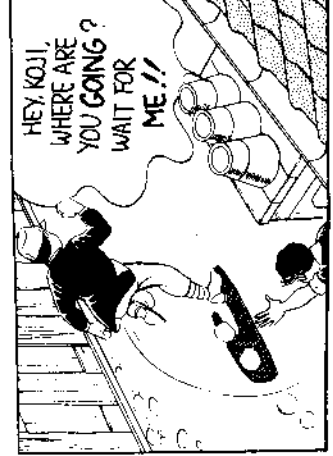
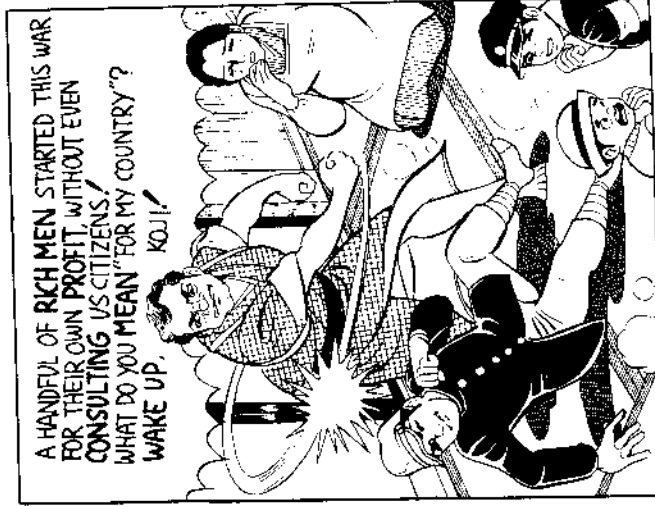
D...
DAMN...

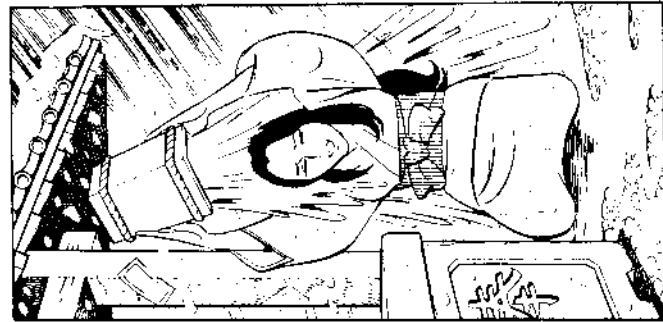












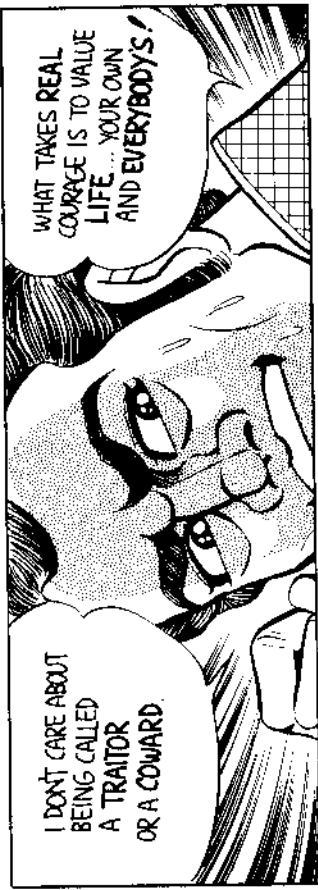
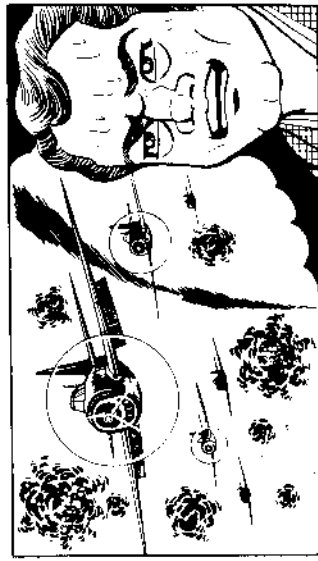
DEAR GOD, PLEASE HELP OUR SON, KOJI.
TAKE MY LIFE IN STEAD OF HIS. //



I DON'T KNOW WHY
WE HAD TO GO THROUGH
ALL THAT TO
RAISE KOJI...

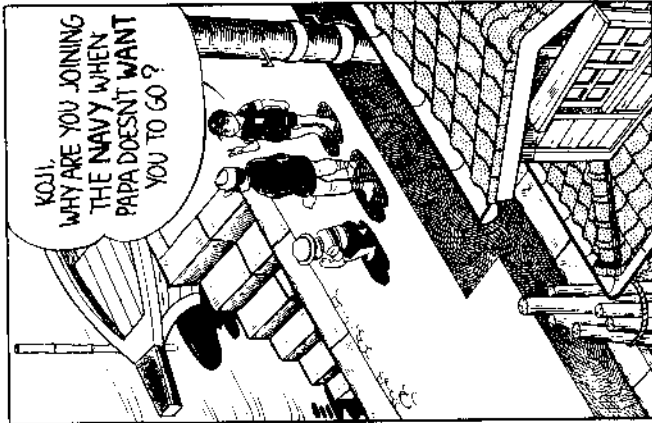


THE FOOL THINKS
IT TAKES **COURAGE**
TO GO TO WAR!

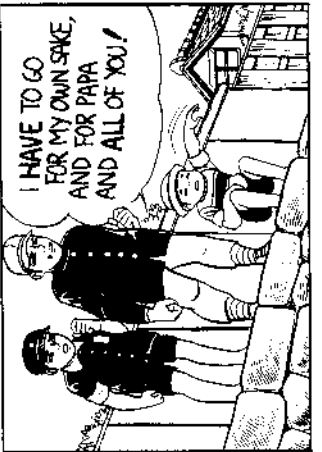


I DON'T CARE ABOUT
BEING CALLED
A TRAITOR
OR A COWARD.

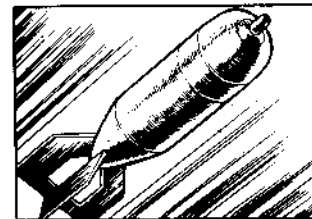
WHAT TAKES REAL
COURAGE IS TO VALUE
LIFE... YOUR OWN
AND EVERYBODY'S!



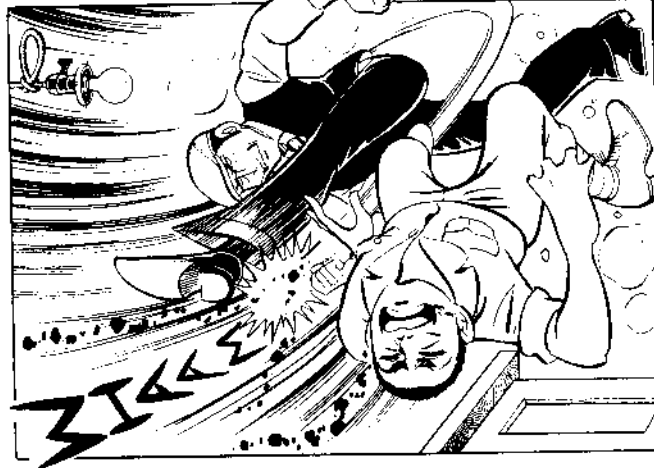
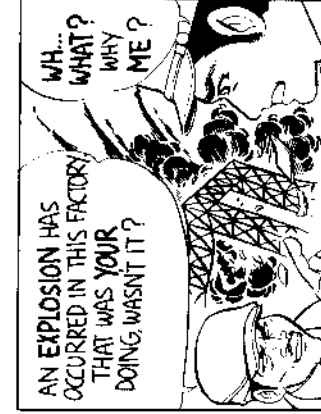
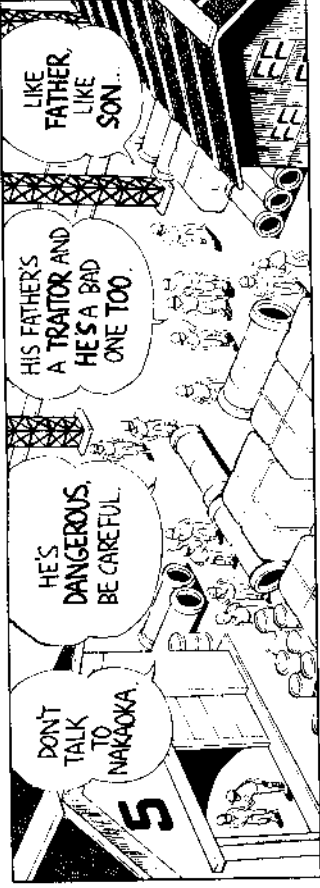
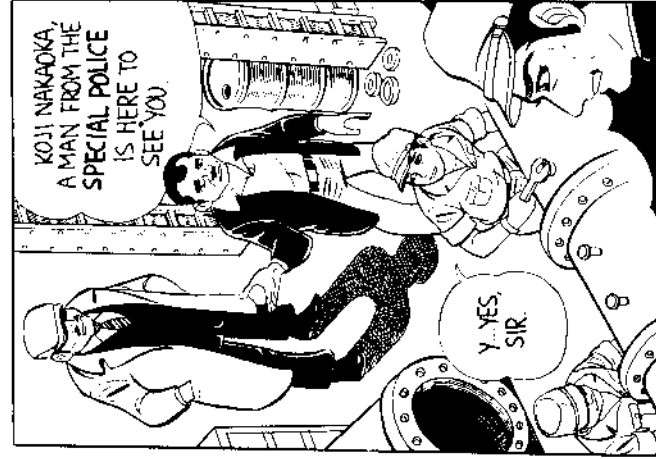
KOJI,
WHY ARE YOU JOINING
THE NAVY WHEN
PAPA DOESN'T WANT
YOU TO GO?

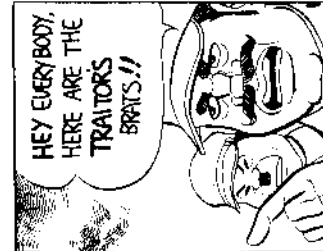
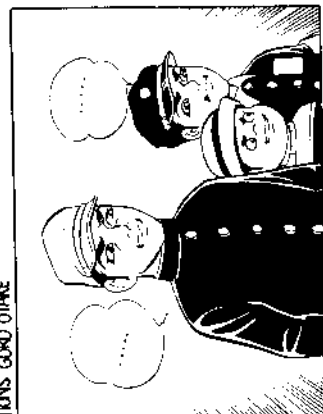
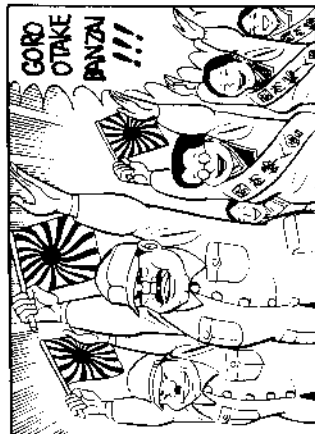
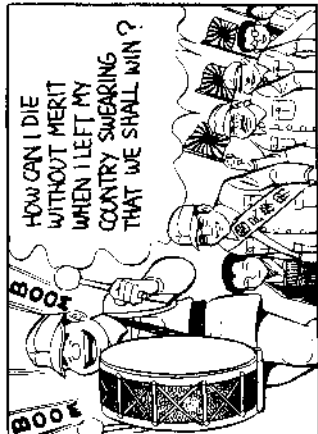
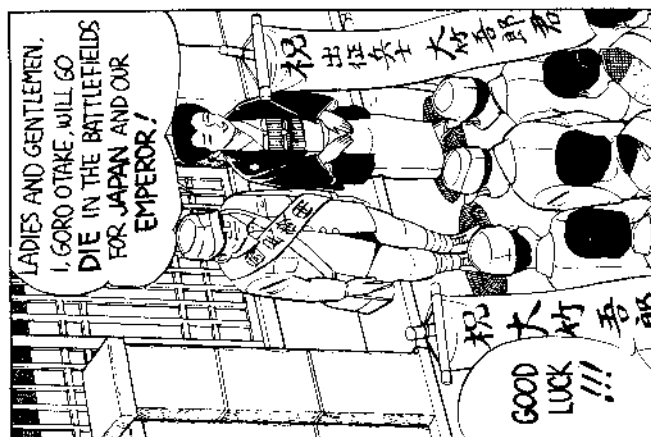
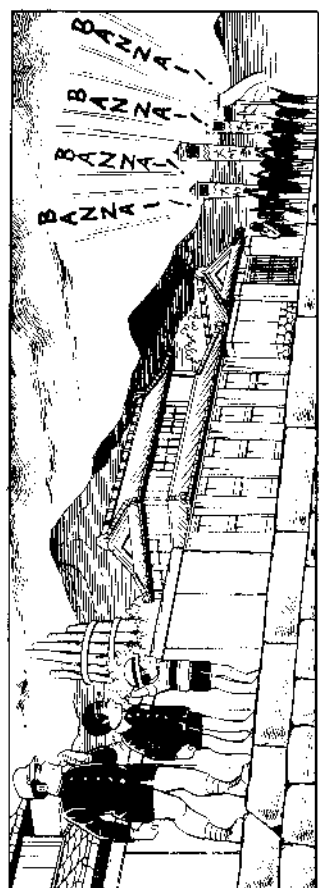
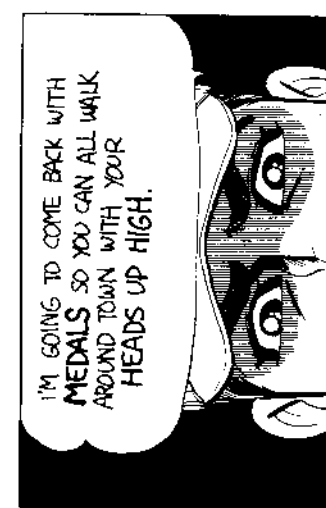
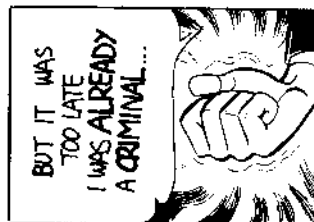


I HAVE TO GO
FOR MY OWN SKE,
AND FOR PAPA
AND ALL OF YOU!

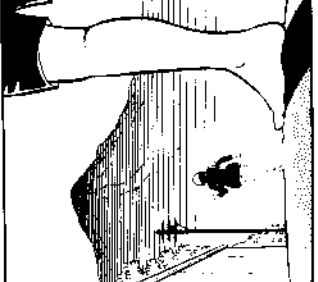
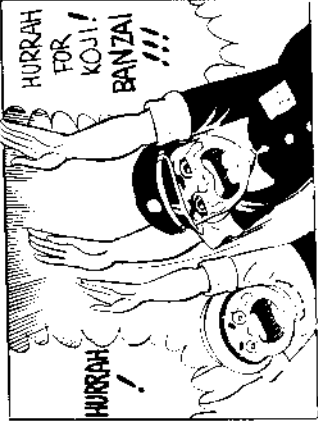
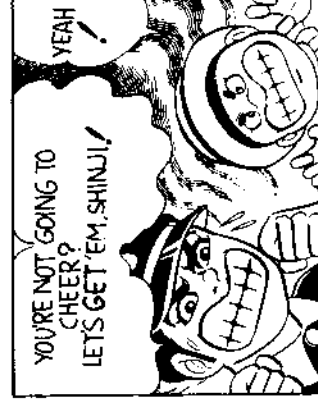
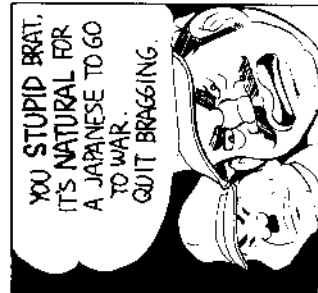
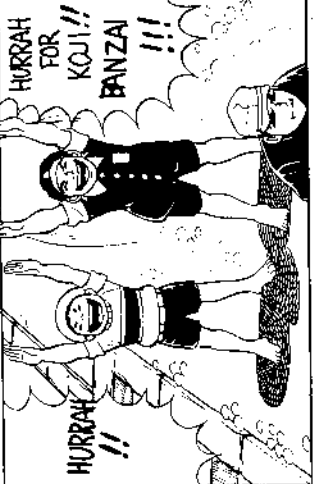
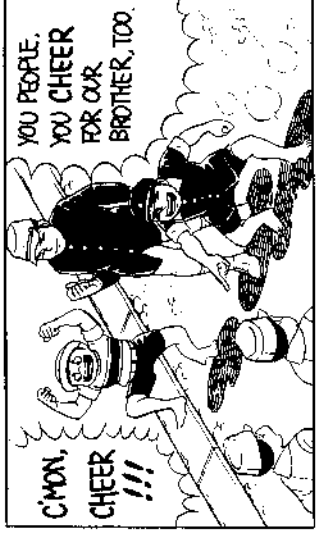
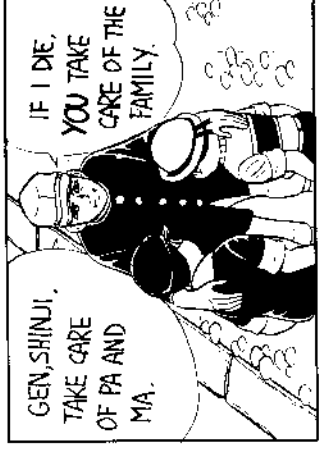
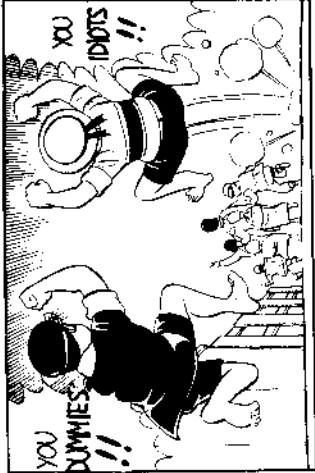
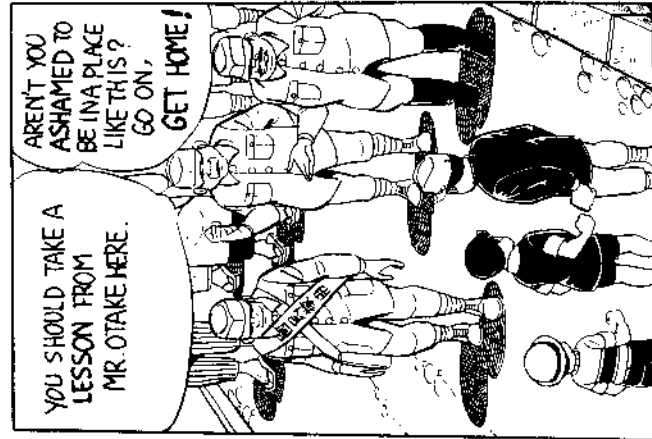


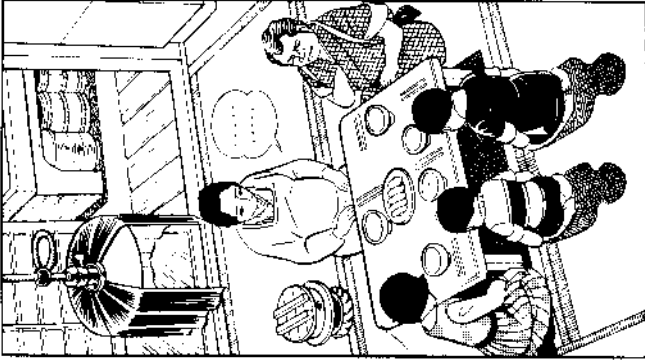
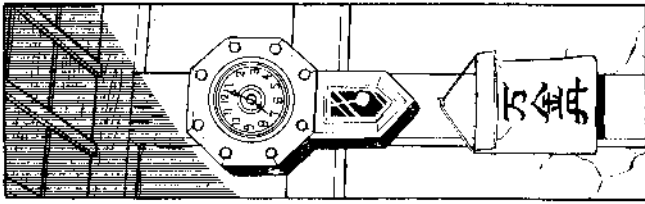
DO YOU KNOW HOW I'M
TREATED AT THE
FACTORY BECAUSE
PAPA'S AGAINST THE WAR?



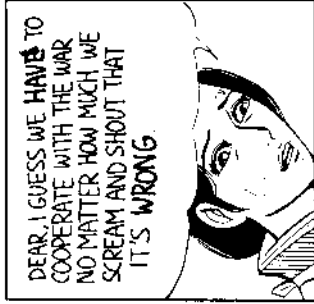


BANNERS: CONGRATULATIONS GORO OTAKE





KOJI VOLUNTEERED FOR THE NAVY BECAUSE I'M CALLED A TRAITOR AND FOR THE SAKE OF OUR FAMILY...



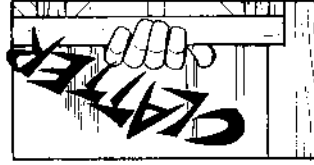
DEAR, I GUESS WE HAVE TO COOPERATE WITH THE WAR NO MATTER HOW MUCH WE SCREAM AND SHOUT THAT IT'S WRONG



IT'S AN AIR RAID



D... DEAR, IT'S AN AIR RAID !!



FOOL!!!



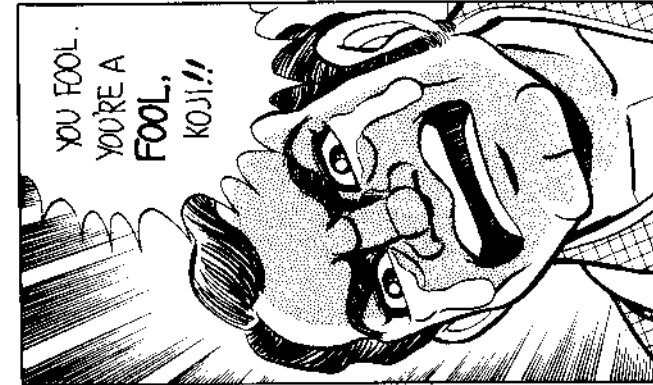
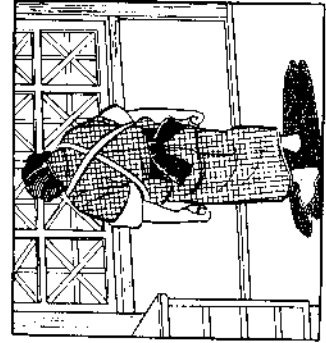
SOB... I CAN'T STAND IT. I CAN'T STAND BEING CALLED A TRAITOR ANYMORE!



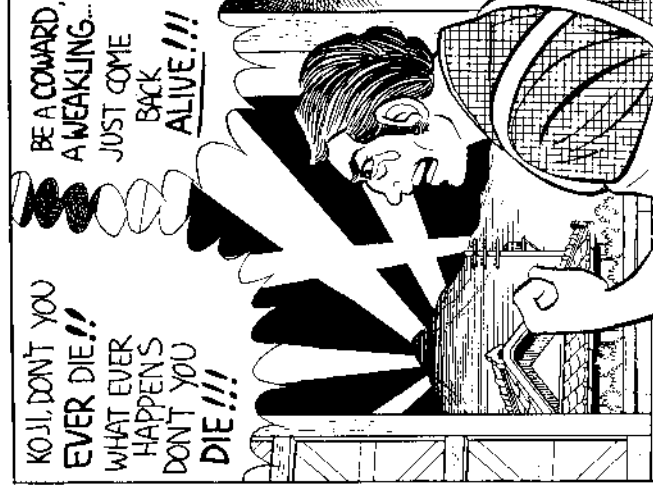
I DESPISE THE AUTHORITIES WHO HUNT OUT PEOPLE FOR THE WAR. EVERYONE'S BEING DECEIVED THEY'RE ALL TURNED INTO HUMAN BULLETS.



DEAR, IF KOJI JOINS THE NAVY, EVERYBODY WILL BE KINDER TO US. HE MAY NOT EVEN DIE PLEASE, LET'S FORGIVE HIM.



YOU FOOL... YOU'RE A FOOL, KOJI!!



KOJI, DON'T YOU EVER DIE!! WHAT EVER HAPPENS DON'T YOU DIE!!! BE A COWARD, A WEAKLING... JUST COME BACK ALIVE!!!